




Measure

*Saint Joseph's College
Collegeville, Indiana*

Spring 1953



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Measure

Volume XII

Spring, 1953

Number 2

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Editorial

St. Joseph's styles itself a liberal arts college. We wonder how many students know what that title means. It means simply a college devoted to the liberal arts. The liberal arts, moreover, are easily defined as the arts or studies becoming to a free man. These number language, literature, philosophy, the fine arts, and history. Cardinal Newman itemized them as seven: grammar, rhetoric, logic, geometry, arithmetic, astronomy, and music.

Immediately we suspect the cry will rise from our utility-minded readers: "What role do the liberal arts play in our way of life?" If our way of life implies a general confusion of values in which Shakespeare is recognized as a cultural symbol, but in a show-down, is equated with home economics (and then passed over in favor of the latter!) there is no room for the liberal arts. The liberal arts are smothered when the pursuit of dollars, crime thrillers, and the jazz mania are permitted to hold sway. Moreover, as long as the liberal arts remain stigmatized as a luxury item for the leisure class, and only a doubtful asset, if not a down right waste of time for the common man, they cannot work their magic. Wherever egg-head labeling and a distrust of intellectuals run rampant, there the liberal arts have no room.

The liberal arts can only thrive where the genuine liberal spirit permeates an entire group's thinking. This is the spirit which places the whole man ahead of his calling, and seeks to expand to the utmost the conscience and mind of the individual.

From the time of the Greeks to the present era, the liberal arts have been recognized and sought after by discriminating minds as the richest educational opportunity for the cultivation of the liberal spirit. For the liberal arts provide the stimulus and discipline of the mind that best fit for individual responsibility, that give the mind the greatest general competence upon which it can draw for the specific competence required in any calling or profession. Thus, we insist on the importance of the foundation-function of the liberal arts. Men are men before they are lawyers or biologists or scientists.

Today for the first time in history, the liberal arts are at the disposal of all. Unfortunately, all do not seem very enthusiastic. Too many, it appears, prefer the evanescent, the surface, and the tin-foil, to the lasting, the depth, and the gold of life. We have

no desire to go about as prophets of gloom and pessimism. Inevitably, however, when we muse over this waste we recall the story of the Indian and the American archeologist. One day an Indian was resting, listlessly watching the archeologist as he dug away at a Central American excavation. The American asked the Indian what he was thinking about. The Indian said, "Me think someday maybe we dig you up." If a future generation does dig up our civilization, will it find more than a rusty TV antenna, some petrified bubble gum, or mouldy, leather-bound sets of Spillane "classics?"

In a few weeks we will witness the departure of some fifty young men. It will be graduation day then. If there is any sentiment attached to graduation we will not exploit it here. Nor will we refer reminiscently to the levity and high seriousness, the thrills and the aches of college life. Rather we will look forward. What we have to say to each senior is this: May the good things of life be yours—success in your vocation and happiness resulting from true achievement. But above all, may you always be thoroughly Catholic, a credit to your Church, your college, and your own innate manhood.

F. J. M.

The heart is commonly reached, not through reason, but through the imagination, by means of direct impressions, by the testimony of facts and events, by history, by description. Persons influence us, voices melt us, looks subdue us, deeds inflame us. Many a man will live and die upon a dogma: no man will be a martyr for a conclusion.

Cardinal Newman, DISCUSSIONS AND ARGUMENTS

The Masks In The Greek Theatre

JANE C. KIRBY

It is difficult to ascertain the precise beginnings of the use of masks in the theatre art. Animal masks or some such means of disguising the features were a part of the earliest Dionysiac worship. Most authorities agree that before the invention of the theatrical mask, the faces of the actors were covered with wine or with fig leaves. Archaeological investigations have determined that masks were used by the Greeks as early as the sixth century B.C.¹ They, like the theatre itself, probably evolved out of very early and primitive ceremonies of myths and traditions.² In the earlier theatre performances, only one actor appeared, and it is reasonable to assume that the use of masks enabled this actor to impersonate many characters. The use of masks cannot be separated from the characteristics of Greek drama, as shown by just this one illustration.³

Thespis, the first actor, is said to have introduced for the first time on the stage a mask of unpainted linen which produced a grotesque effect.⁴ His successor, Choirilos, experimented further with the mask and was followed by Phrynichos who introduced women's masks.⁵ In contrast to the men's dark faces, those of the women were light. This convention is evident in today's theatre also. With the introduction of masks, the chorus was allowed, for the first time, to represent women.

To fulfill the needs of his complex tragedies, Aeschylus used large and dignified

masks. In addition to defining the actor's costume as a long robe with sleeves and train and kothurni and buskin to increase height, he gave to the mask a distinctive character, dreadful and often awe-inspiring. He also had special masks and dresses made for certain parts which were outside of the realm of typified characters.⁶

DESCRIPTION and ENUMERATION

The masks were made of linen, cork, wood or woven hempen strands.⁷ The features of the face were enlarged and exaggerated to the point of caricature. They covered the entire head and had the hair attached. The *onkos*, one of the characteristic features of the mask, was a cone-shaped prolongation above the forehead designed to add height and give impressiveness to the character. The size of the *onkos* varied according to the importance of the particular character.⁸ Whites of the eyes were painted on with space left for the pupil to enable the actor to see. Although these masks were extremely un-realistic and seem almost ludicrous today, they were exceptionally well adapted to the demands of the Greek theatre with its vast distances. The subtle mobility of the face of today's actor would not have carried to many of the seventeen thousand spectators of the Theatre of Dionysus.

The mask, more than the cothornus, buskin, flowing robes and sleeves, was important in indicating the character of the actor. It gave a clue to the character's age, station in life, mood and personality; and it made the actor and his character easily

1. Allardyce Nicoll, *Masks Mimes and Miracles* (London: George G. Harrap and Co., Ltd., 1931), p. 28.

2. Harry L. Shapiro, "Magic of the Mask," *New York Times Magazine*, April 15, 1952, p. 28.

3. Toby Cole and Helen Krich Chinoy, *Actors on Acting* (New York: Crown, 1949), p. 3.

4. Arthur Wallace Pickard-Cambridge, *Dithyramb Tragedy and Comedy* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1927), p. 30.

5. *Loq. cit.*

6. A. E. Haigh, *The Attic Theatre* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1898), p. 275.

7. Thomas Wood Stevens, *The Theatre from Athens to Broadway* (New York: D. Appleton-Century Co., Inc., 1938), p. 38.

8. Haigh, *op. cit.*, p. 275.

recognizable to the crowd to which facial identification was lost. Color of hair indicated age; eyebrows, lips and complexion indicated temperament and mental condition; color and ornaments indicated birth.⁹ This may be seen more easily through an examination of types of masks as described by the second century A.D. rhetorician Julius Pollux in his *Onomasticon*.¹⁰ For purpose of clarification, the following chart has been made listing the Greek masks by name and characteristics. To the knowledge of this investigator, this is the first time that this information has been codified in such a form.

Both tragedy and comedy were implemented by special masks to indicate legendary figures when a type mask was not available; contemporary personages; and personifications of rivers, hours, furies and other elements of a particular dramatic composition.¹¹

Although the names and some characteristics of the masks changed from tragedy to comedy, it can be seen that to a great degree the masks remained the same in their portrayal of stock characters. Their use was compulsory in the Greek theatre and was later transported to the Roman and then to the Renaissance drama. In addition to their part within the play, as shown in the preceding chart, the masks also performed important technical functions within the theatre.

TECHICAL FUNCTIONS

The mask that hid the features of the Greek actor remains in many ways an anomaly in Greek art. More than any other people of antiquity, the Greek people saw even their gods as replicas of athletic men and women and em-

bodied them on pedestals and pediments complete to Athene's hair. Why did this same people hide their own faces when they dramatized human history? Their statues define the muscular ripple of an athlete's torso, reproduce the precise folds of a statesman's tunic, the greaves of a soldier's armour. They have left a gallery of indubitable portrait records. Nowhere except in the theatre did they give the slightest indication of sharing our modern conviction that an imitation of nature is an aesthetic sin to be avoided in the interests of producing monumental art. Why did they conceal in the theatre their features, which they revealed elsewhere, without altering their human proportions, on public monuments and temples?¹²

The mask in the Greek theatre was more than a convention remaining from earlier times, a convention tracing back to earlier ritualistic observances. Perhaps it was introduced to the drama as a mere tradition, but it remained to serve at least three important technical functions: it enabled the actor to portray a multiplicity of roles regardless of his own physical appearance; it carried the actor's voice to every part of the huge theatres; and it made possible the audience's identification of the character being portrayed, the emotion suitable to that character, and the idea which the playwright was expressing.

By enabling the actor to double and sometimes to triple his roles, the mask was an invaluable aid to the playwright in building dramatic situations.¹³ With the employment of masks, the extant Greek tragedies can all be performed by three or fewer actors. In Euripides' *Orestes*,

The occasional awkward silence of
a fourth person who though addressed

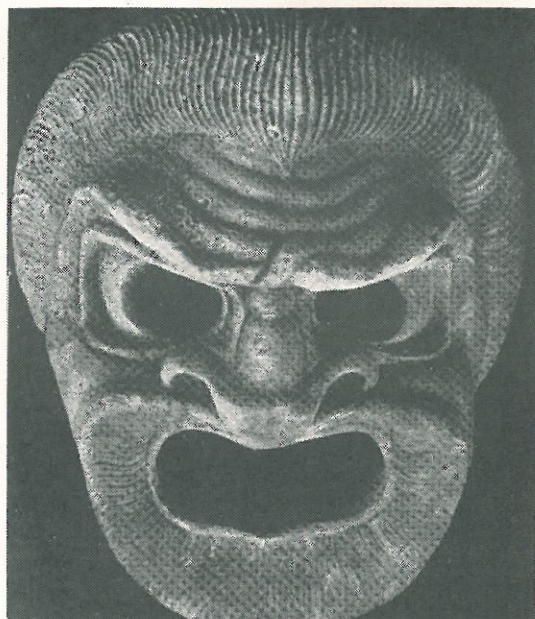
9. Margarete Bieber, *The History of the Greek and Roman Theater* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1939), p. 48.

10. Cole and Chinoy, *op. cit.*, pp. 15-18; Nicoll, *op. cit.*, pp. 39-49; Bieber, *op. cit.*, pp. 179-202; Pickard-Cambridge, *op. cit.*, pp. 254-279.

11. Allardyce Nicoll, *The Development of the Theatre* (New York: Harcourt, Brace and Co., n.d.), p. 44.

12. Lee Simonson, *The Stage Is Set* (New York: Dover Publications, 1946), p. 142.

13. *Loc. cit.*



Comic Masks

YOUNG MEN

Name	Age	Face	Hair	Special	Use in Play
Common	young	Ruddy, swarthy, few wrinkles on forehead	Crown of hairs	Elevated eye-brows	Lover, "juvenile lead"
Black	younger	Studious	Black	Depressed eye-brows	Student, educated and accomplished youth
Curled	young	Handsome, ruddy	Curled	Extended eye-brows	Wealthy man-about-town
Delicate	youngest of all	Fair, delicate	Crown of hairs		Sheltered, protected boy
Rustic		Weather beaten, broad-lipped, flat-nosed, wide mouth, stupid expression	Black crown of hairs		
Threatening		Black complexion, stern	Black hair		Warrior, braggard
Other threatener		Less dark, softer	Yellow		
Flatterer		Dark, sullen, hooked nose	Black	Extremely extended eyebrows, bruised ears	Rascal
Parasite		Cheerful, squinting, hooked nose	Black	Bruished ears	Rascal
Fancied		Foreign, shaven chin			
Sicilian		(not described)			

MATURE MEN

First grand-father	oldest	Lean, clean shaven, ample beard, white skin, thin jaws, cheerful expression	Almost bald	Peaked beard, bulging eyes	Grandfather
Other grandfather	very old	Ruddy, morose, thinner than First	Red	Ample beard, cropped ears	
Governor	old	Broad, hooked nose	Crown of hairs around head	Right eye-brow elevated, left lowered	Stock comedy father
Long-bearded, shaking old	old	Phlegmatic	Crown of hairs around head	Long, trembling beard, bulging eyes	
Ermoneus		Severe	Bald crown	Ample beard, elevated eye-brows	
Second Ermoneus		Shaven, morose, sharp chin	Bald crown	Peaked beard, elevated eye-brows	
Procurer		Distorted lips, long chin	Bald crown	Curled, pointed beard, contracted eyebrows, one extended	Brothel-keeper
Lycomedeus		Long chin	Crisp hair	Curled beard, one eye-brow extended, other horizontal	Busy-body

SLAVES

Grandfather	old	Dignified, old	White hair		Freed man
Upper slave	aged	Contracted forehead	Crown of red hairs	Elevated eye-brows	Chief slave
Thin or bristly haired behind		Thin, cunning	Bald crown, red hairs	Elevated eye-brows	
Curled		Red, distorted, distended lips, squinting eyes	Curled, red, bald crown		
Shaking upper aged		Contracted forehead	Crown of red	Elevated eye-brows	Boasting servant
Meison		Pompous, conceited, huge mouth	Bald pate, yellow-red hair		Greek cook
Tettix		Dark, deceitful	Bald with two or three black hairs		Foreign cook

WOMEN

Thin, old	aged	Many small frinkles, fair and pale		Rolling eyes	Sorceress, old prostitute
Fat old		Plump, many wrinkles	Fillet around hair		Procuress
Domestic old	old	Flat-faced		2 teeth in upper jaw, 1 on each side	Old domestic servant, old nurse of Lampadion
Talkative	old	Fair	Full, long, smooth	High straight brows	Gossipy wife, talkative woman
Curled virgin		Pale	Plaited locks separated by parting	High, black eye-brows	Old maid
Demi-rep		Pallid	Hair tied behind head in knot		False virgin, girl of good family fallen into evil ways
Second demi-rep		Pallid	Curls		As above
Hoary talkative	elderly	Wrinkled, old	Gray, bushy		Old courtesan
Concubine		Old	Full		Mistress of wealthy man
Common whore		Fair, red cheeks	Curls around ears		
Courtesan	young		Curled, head bound with fillet		
Golden harlot	older		Much gold upon hair		
Mitered harlot	older than Golden		Head bound with variegated mitre		
Lampadion			Hair gathered in bunch upon crown of head		Noble-born girl seized from parents in youth and thought to be courtesan until noble birth is discovered
Virgin slave		Delicate	Bobbed		Excellent lady's maid
Slattern	middle-aged	Coarse, pug-nosed	Brushed flat off face		courtesan Confidant of

Tragic Masks

YOUNG MEN

Name	Age	Face	Hair	Special	Use in Play
Common	oldest	Fresh, swarthy, good complexion	Black, clustering		"Good for all work," youthful hero, Achilles
Curled	younger	Yellow, plump, fierce	Bushy, flaxen	Arched eyebrows	Handsome hero in prime of life
More curled	younger than Curled	As above	As above	As above	Hero
Graceful		Fair, pleasant	Red or brownish		Apollo, Dionysus, Castor or Pollux
Horrid		Grim, sullen, deformed	Yellow	Downcast eyes	Youth driven to despair by misfortune
Second horrid	younger than Horrid	Slender			Attendant on Horrid
Pale		Meagre, sickly, ghostly	Dishevelled	Lean, emaciated cheeks	Ghost or wounded man
Less pale	older than Pale	Pale, sickly, wasted	Black, clustering		Sick man or lover

MATURE MEN

Smooth-faced	eldest	Thin jaws	White	Closely shaved beard	Priam
White	not quite so old as smooth-faced	White complexion	Bushy, gray	Thick white beard, jutting eyebrows	Caedmus
Grisled	verge of old age	Dark or sallow	Black and grey mixture		Oedipus
Black-haired	middle-aged	Rough	Curled, black	Curled, black beard	Tyrant
Flaxen	youthful	Fresh	Yellow, bushy		Hero
More flaxen		Pale, sickly	Yellow, bushy		Sick man or man in distress

SLAVES

Leathern	rather old	Pale, white, sharp nose, stern eyes	Long, white	Pale beard	Intelligent servitor
Peaked-beard	prime of life	Ruddy	Yellow	Pointed beard	Messenger
Flat-nose		Ruddy flat nose	Yellow		Messenger

WOMEN

Hoary dishevelled	oldest	Pale	White		Woman of high position
Freed old woman	old	Tawny	Grey, long		
Old domestic	old	Wrinkled, ruddy		Sheepskin bonnet	Old nurse
Middle-aged	middle-aged	White	Grey		
Leathern	younger than Middle-aged				
Pale dishevelled		Pale	Black		
Pale middle-aged		Pale	Long, black hair at sides, short at forehead		Modest, humble spouse
Shaven virgin	Quite young	Pale	Smooth-combed tate and curls		Heroine
Other shaven virgin		Pale	Shorn		
Girl	young				Juvenile

does not reply . . . who says not a word in spite of the ardent appeal of Menelaus, is difficult to explain on any other supposition than that for some reason the poet had only three actors at his disposal.¹⁴

Changing of masks required lightning-quick changes on the part of the actors but did not seem to interfere with the enjoyment of the spectators who accepted these changes as part of the stage conventions. Obviously, too, masks permitted male actors to more easily play female characters in an effective manner.

Although not all writers on the subject are thoroughly convinced, Lee Simonson, an authority on old as well as new theatre, is of the opinion that the mask was developed principally as a megaphone to carry the dialogue to every seat of vast open-air arenas. Therefore, the mask was important primarily for technical purposes and secondarily for aesthetic purposes.¹⁵

Following a suggestion by Castex, replicas of such masks were made for special acoustic experiments in which both actors and singers . . . basses, sopranos, and others participated. A number of spectators were also engaged in order that the action of these masks should be thoroughly tested in every direction. The very first experiments . . . revealed that to the hearers the intensity of the human voice appeared strikingly increased. Words spoken in a low voice without a mask were found to be unintelligible to the audience, but when a mask was applied the words were easily understood in all parts without the speaker increasing his efforts. Further, the voice became more distinct. The result was considerably more marked in the case

of tones of a higher pitch. The tone was neither blurred nor did it acquire a nasal quality through the mask. The peculiar formation of its mouth caused the tone to be conveyed . . . not only toward the front but toward the sides of the auditorium. The actor at once felt in his voice . . . increased carrying power. He found the simple face-masks to be acoustically superior to the animal masks which covered the whole head . . . The result of these experiments all point to the conclusion that the actors of antiquity were well aware of the advantages gained by the use of the mask.¹⁶

From this statement, it would appear that the acoustical advantages of the mask in the ancient Greek theatre can no longer be a matter of supposition, but a firmly tested fact.

While considering the voice-carrying properties of the mask, it is well to remember that actors in ancient Greece were chosen for the excellence of their voices, not for acting ability. In all probability, Greek acting more nearly resembled operatic delivery than it did our own present-day ideas of acting.¹⁷

In addition to the multiplicity of roles and the acoustical advantages allowed by the mask, it also took the place of our modern program or handbill. The last spectator in the last seat of the auditorium could recognize instantly the characters in the performance. Once this recognition was made, the personal characteristics, position, and even emotional attitude of the character could be established. Besides the mask, the thickness of the cothornus, quality of the robes, the *onkos*, the crowns worn by kings, the turbans worn by Orientals, and similar devices aided in the identification of characters by the audience.¹⁸

14. James Turney Allen, *Stage Antiquities of the Greeks and Romans and Their Influence* (New York: Longmans, Green and Co., 1927), p. 136.

15. Simonson, *op. cit.*, p. 142.

16. *Ibid.*, p. 143.

17. *Ibid.*, p. 144.

In Old Comedy, the masks of contemporary personages were so excellently reproduced that their identity was known before the actors had spoken a word. At a performance of Aristophanes' *Clouds*, it is reported:

Socrates rose from his place and remained standing during the whole performance so that strangers in attendance might recognize the original of his double on the stage.¹⁹

Facial expressions were drawn on the mask in broad general strokes with little or no attempt at portraying delicate shades of character. Necessarily, the masks ran in general types.²⁰ To the Greek audience they were, as Simonson said, like the numbers on the backs of our football players and permitted instant and easy identification.²¹ Distance largely obliterated the impression of grotesqueness and exaggeration which the masks possess when viewed at close range.

Change of facial expression, except through change of the mask, was impossible on the Greek stage. To compensate for this, the Greeks often altered the features on one side of the mask so that by turning first one side, then the other, to the audience, the actor would appear to be changing his facial expression. An illustration of this technique is found in the *governor* type mask of comedy in which one eyebrow is raised, the other lowered. One side of the face appears cheerful, the other angry.

The most effective change of expression possible was accomplished by a change of masks while the character was off-stage. Such a change is to be found in Euripides' *The Phoenissae*. Creon, who has learned that his son is to be killed for the sake of his country, leaves the stage with Necoe-

ceus' assurance that he will flee to safety. Upon Creon's next appearance, the reader or playgoer is told that his brow is "o'er-cast."²²

When an off-stage change of masks was made impossible by the necessity of the character's remaining on the scene, the playwright endeavored to find a way to circumvent the limitations imposed upon him by the masks. When, in Euripides' *Orestes*, Electra and the chorus stand with their backs to the audience while Helen is slain, the spectators could imagine that the actors' faces were displaying the proper emotion of horror. However, since Electra cannot leave the stage to change into the appropriate mask showing horror, Euripides had her say to the chorus:

... Resume your station, looks composed and faces not betraying what has happened; and I too will wear a look of melancholy, as if forsooth I knew nothing of that desperate deed . . .²³

Thus does Euripides explain away Electra's never-changing face; the passage eliminated any more need for a change of mask.

It may be seen from the foregoing that the mask allowed one actor to assume many roles, projected the actor's voice to every spectator, facilitated quick identification of the characters, and also influenced the dramatic compositions of the Greek theatre.

CONCLUSION

The major problem of this investigation was to determine the uses of the masks in the Greek theatre. As background to the major problem, the ancient Greek theatre, its conventions, and the forms of its drama were covered briefly. A detailed chart was devoted to the description of the masks used in Greek tragedy and comedy. From this material were determined the

18. John Gassner, *Masters of the Drama* (New York: Dover, 1940), p. 26.

19. Roy C. Flickinger, *The Greek Theater and Its Drama* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1926), p. 213.

20. Haigh, *op. cit.*, p. 274.

21. Page 143.

22. Flickinger, *op. cit.*, p. 222.

23. Whitney J. Oates and Eugene O'Neill, Jr., *The Complete Greek Drama* (New York: Random House, 1938), II, p. 153, 11, 1318-1320.

technical and aesthetic uses of the masks.

While conducting the research for this paper, the investigator searched also for present-day applications in the contemporary American theatre of the old Greek masks. From this research, it has become evident that almost all of the influence of the Greek mask on today's stage has remained in the realm of theory and conjecture.

Gordon Craig, in *The Theatre Advancing* and *On The Art of The Theatre*, has advocated a complete return to the masks of antiquity. He went so far as to urge the elimination of the actor, leaving only the Uber-marionette. This super puppet would, of course, have a mask-like face. Craig's most vehement expression on the subject is probably the following:

I should say that the face of Irving was the connecting link between that spasmodic and ridiculous expression of the human face as used by the theatres of the last few centuries, and the masks which will be used in place of the human face in the near future.²⁴

This statement should be received with the tolerance which it deserves.

Masks have appeared at rare intervals in the ballet and in some European dramatic presentations, both of which are, however, outside the scope of this paper.²⁵ In this country, Eugene O'Neill's *The Great God Brown* employs the use of a modernized version of the Greek mask. The four leading characters carry masks to show how they appear to the outside world. The actors, then, are free to interpret only the characters' inner psychological being. The masks are slipped over the face or removed as the action of the play demands.

In the field of theatrical make-up, a similarity may be seen between the old masks

and our present wigs which sometimes cover the entire head, the forehead and perhaps the chin of the actor. To achieve suggestiveness and impressiveness is the aim of both the ancient masks and today's makeup. Both are concerned with projecting features to the audience. Another similarity with the days of the masks is the custom of making the men's faces darker than the women's. However, this is done, not from any influence of the mask, but because it is true to nature. At the present time, as our theatres decrease in size and increase in intimacy, makeup is becoming more and more subtle.

It is the opinion of this writer that the masks will never play any but a very small part in the contemporary American theatre. Today's theatre is tending toward a more and more intimate type of presentation in which facial expression plays a tremendous part. Just as our subtle way of acting would never fit the vast Greek arenas, so would the mask not be suitable to our small theatres. Dramatic writing, too, has undergone a great change. The Greeks tended to depict types, rather than individuals. Modern drama is more interested in character analysis of an individual as representative of a type. This is the result of giving equal or greater importance to character in its relation to plot. In conclusion, it may be said that the theatre of every age has its own conventions, but the mask is not one of ours.

It is suggested that further research be done to determine the psychological influence of the masks on the wearer as well as on the spectator. An interesting beginning for this work would be an article entitled "Magic of the Mask" by Harry L. Shapiro which appeared in the April 15, 1951 issue of the *New York Times Magazine*. Mr. Shapiro discussed the masks worn not only in ancient times, but also those worn by the Indians on this continent.

24. *On The Art of The Theatre* (Boston: Small, Maynard and Co., 1929), p. 12.

25. Granville-Barker's presentation of *Midsummer Night's Dream* in London, 1914. *The Suppliants* and *Prometheus* performances in Delphi, 1927 and 1930.

The Tale Of The Beaver

ROBERT A. LAHEY

There comes a time in every young man's life when he must—if he aspires to be normal and healthy—join the Boy Scouts of America. I learned of this requirement for red-blooded Americanism quite late in life. I was twelve and a half years old. Any sincere candidate (the Boy Scouts call every one who is not a Boy Scout a Boy Scout candidate) rushes to the nearest troop headquarters and kneels for the sword at the precise age of twelve.

One of my dearer friends escorted me to the meeting of Troop 7, Arrowhead Council, on a brisk December evening. As we entered the meeting place—a local schoolhouse—the local schoolhouse—we were greeted by a healthy-looking group of khaki-clad, shoe-shined, hair-combed, red-kerchiefed youths ranging in age from twelve to sixteen. They eyed my civvies suspiciously.

My friend introduced me quickly as a candidate—only now brought to the enlightenment of scouting. I was immediately encircled by the red-kerchiefs, with the faces above them gazing at me with wonder, pity, and obvious relief that I was to be saved by the grace of the Boy Scouts of America. Out of sheer compassion, the Beaver Patrol immediately claimed me as their newest member and exclusive property. The rival Woodchucks sportingly shouted their disappointment, but the Beavers were insistent. I became a Beaver.

Because of my justifiable ignorance of the customs and mores which governed the meetings of Troop 7, Arrowhead Council, I was allowed to sit by and witness the Pledging of Allegiance, the Weekly Inspection of Ranks, the Scout Oath, the

Troop 7 Buddy Song, and the Moment's Silence for the Scouts in Service. When it came time for the Troop Cheer, however, I was dragged into the circle of comrades, quickly coached, and invited to join in this happy chant. With arms thrown around each other we blended our lusty voices in a short ditty which went something like this:

We're the boys from Troop 7,
And, brother, we're really in heaven!
It's no secret, we'll let it out,
Every good boy is a good Boy Scout!

It was rather embarrassing.

After the meeting, which was neatly conducted by an assortment of assistant Troop leaders and Eagle Scouts, I was escorted by my Beaver chums to the Troop leader. He too was dressed in the natty khaki uniform. In place of the red kerchief, his neck was encircled by a masculine forest-green necktie. His shoes shone brightly beneath razor-sharp trouser cuffs. Under his Leader's insignia a heavy silver Eagle, symbol of his rank, heaved up and down with each gentle pulsation of his chest.

It was a massive chest—the chest of an outdoorsman—the chest of an adventurer. His shoulders bulged at khaki seams and his face was radiant.

When he greeted me, his voice was gentle and yet booming. He expressed his admiration at my ambitions with a sincerity which belittled the eager glee of his young comrades. He assured me that every advice and assistance was available to me on my trek toward the Silver Eagle. As we chatted, I saw the great outdoors in his

eyes. I heard the roaring rivers in his words. Here was a Boy Scout become a man.

We said good-night and his hand gripped mine firmly, encouragingly. I decided that this was the man that they wrote about in Scouting books. I decided that I didn't care for him.

For the next few weeks, I devoted myself to acquiring a uniform, memorizing the various oaths, pledges, and guiding rules in the Boy Scout handbook, and acquainting myself in general with that intricate phase of life known universally as Scouting—in varied language. All this was in preparation for the test which would determine whether I should qualify for the dignity of the rank of Second Class Scout, or whether I should remain an obscure and ever-so-slightly contemptible Tenderfoot.

Those weeks became a jumbled, confused series of trial runs in which I memorized, studied, tied simple knots, and learned how to dress—like a Scout. Memory fails in the heat of the anxiety and discouragement which I faced in those few short weeks. Little things come to me obscurely—the difficulty of keeping a red kerchief straight on uneven shoulders—the signs of identification to be found in the American Elm Leaf—the hunting habits of the Red Fox.

One instance, however, remains fixed in my mind. In the large section of the handbook devoted to knot-tying, there is a simple little ditty which clearly demonstrates the art of tying the Square Knot.

Right over Left,
Left over Right,
and Pull!

Freely translated, this simply means that when tying two ropes together, the most efficient method is to loop the rope in the right hand over the rope in the left

hand, and after switching hands, loop the left rope over the right rope, and pull.

Being left handed, I soon discovered that the same effect could be had by looping the left rope over the right, then the right over the left, and pulling. I presented this idea to my Troop leader. It was then that I became assured of what I had suspected all the time. He didn't care for me either.

Finally the time came when the Troop leader called me into the Test room (it looked to me like the teacher's lavatory). Several Beavers patted me on the back. One gravely shook my hand. This was it! I must return a Second Class Scout—or Tenderfoot still. The Troop leader was tense: his questions came in a restrained voice. I got the impression he wanted me to pass the test very badly. I wasn't excited at all, really—it was just something in the way he looked at me.

We got through Wood Lore successfully, though I hesitated once or twice. Plant identification went as smoothly as could have been expected. My counselor held his breath while I executed a neat right-over-left-left-over-right square knot.

It was, however, inevitable that I should stumble. As we got to the questions on life-saving, I began to realize I should have paid more attention to the details which had seemed so silly in the Scout manual. But I bluffed my way up to the final question—what the Troop leader fondly referred to as the “snap-judgment test.” He dictated a critical situation; the quick-thinking Scout cleverly and infallibly snap-judged a solution.

My leader saw the possibility that I might prove myself in the field. He tensed. His manner was dramatic as he formed the picture of distress. I resolved to say the first thing that came to my mind.

“I,” said the leader of Troop 7, Arrow-

head Council, "am fishing on the bank of a small lake . . . alone . . . there is no boat in sight . . . it is almost dark . . . suddenly . . . I hear a cry for help . . . I look up . . . and see a man floundering fifty feet off shore . . . Scout, what do I do?"

The first thing that came to my mind

happened to be:

"Why don't you go jump in the lake?"

It was shortly after this that my career as a Boy Scout came to an end. Never before or since has there been recorded a case of a Tenderfoot scout being stripped of his rank and drummed out of the corps.

De Vere

FRANCIS J. RUEVE

*Tempus verum otiosum
Qies creat faciles;
Per adventum gloriosum
Per et flores fragiles
Portat decus odorosum,
Auras quoque graciles.*

*Saepe Ver amoenitate
Ducit me a studiis;
Languidum me levitate
Die capit gaudiis;
Nocte item lenitate
Vincit me in somniis.*

*Ita vides me gaudentem
Quia portat praemium,
Sed et vides me lugentem
Fugax Veris gremium,
Quod jactabit me dolentem
In Aestatis taedium.*

The Present Significance Of The Bachelors Degree

DONALD L. PRULLAGE

"An academic degree represents a prescribed number of years of training, courses completed, examinations passed, and in some instances, research completed." More specifically, the requirements for a Bachelor's Degree are four: 1) the amount of work, 2) the concentration of study, 3) the distribution of studies, and 4) the quality of the work done. The concentration of study is expressed in terms of majors and minors. A major usually consists of twenty-four hours of advanced study in one subject area. A minor is composed of twelve to eighteen hours of advanced study. This system of major and minor fields is a recent innovation. It came into existence with the turn of the twentieth century. Before this time, students studied the fundamentals of truth and knowledge. The other three elements are self-explanatory.

Courses of study leading to new degrees are now being offered in several institutions across the nation. Kansas State College (Manhattan), an average university is offering the Ph.D. degree in agronomy and applied mechanics. Even such stalwarts as Yale, Harvard, and M.I.T. are offering degrees in ridiculously specialized subjects. One very interesting example is offered by St. Louis University. It is now offering a Bachelor's Degree in General Education. Students taking this course are not required to major or minor in any subject area, write a thesis, take comprehensive exams, take a foreign language, mathematics, science, or abstract subjects. "Extremely uninteresting" is the way these latter disciplines were described. There is

one element in this plan which serves to preserve some of the original meaning of the Bachelor's Degree. This element lies in the fact that the persons receiving the degree will not thereby be enabled to enter professional or graduate schools.

The race to grant more degrees has affected even the liberal arts colleges. Today, many of these schools are granting Bachelor's Degrees in five, six, or more fields. The weaknesses of this system are obvious. The liberal arts colleges are generally small and have a limited faculty. How, then, can they have a curriculum sufficient to fully prepare students for work in widely diversified fields? In view of these deficiencies, it is obvious that such schools should offer only one or two degrees in a field for which they are fully equipped.

What are the causes for the development of these new degrees? The main causes are three: 1) increase in number of students, 2) the new methods of research, and 3) the struggle between the government and private industry for the outcomes of research. Since research is carried on in the graduate schools almost exclusively, only the first cause will be discussed here.

Out of the warped meanings people give to the freedoms of our Constitution has come the notion that everyone is entitled to an education regardless of his or her abilities. Today, every applicant for a college degree must be accepted at state universities. To satisfy the ones who just want a degree, the colleges give snap

courses which result in a degree, although the knowledge gained is very slight. This results in a fabulous number of persons bearing a degree. What has happened to these persons after they have left school? According to a study of the trends, there will be three degree-bearers for each job which requires one by 1960. The surplus will be absorbed into industry or be unemployed. If they are absorbed into industry, they will fill many jobs which were formerly filled by persons not holding degrees. This condition will, in turn, result in more jobs to be filled only with degree-bearers in the future. And then the circle starts over again. There are jobs which require some special training, but not enough to require their holders to have spent four years in a college. These jobs were formerly filled with persons who attended a two-year junior college. Such people now have a hard time finding employment, and so, one sees the decline of the junior college as an inevitable result.

The immediate disadvantages of accepting a large number of students are numerous. On the average, these students are not as talented as the select group which was previously admitted. To satisfy the weak-minded student, the colleges are lowering their requirements. For example, the majority of these students are not ambitious enough to do research for a thesis, so this requirement for graduation has been dropped by many schools.

As the number of students increased, the number of vocations included in the group also increased. To satisfy the students, it became necessary to enlarge the curriculum tremendously. However, an increase in the courses offered entails an increase in the number of professors and the amount of equipment necessary. To fill the former need, the colleges employed many persons who had just graduated from college and were inexperienced. This con-

dition, of course, lowered the standards of the school's entire curriculum.

Another method of meeting the challenge offered by this great number of students was to start new colleges. This has also been carried too far and it is now found that the colleges are competing for the students. The easiest way to fill a school with paying students is to offer lower entrance and graduation requirements to those who are mentally incapable of fulfilling the former requirements. There is no need to explain how this has affected the quality of education.

One may safely say that the teachers have an effect upon education. What does a person go through to become a teacher? The basic requirements are the same as those for any other college student plus a state-levied number of hours in professional education. This added requirement creates quite a number of problems for the prospective teacher. The states vary considerably in their education requirements. Eighteen hours of professional education is the ordinary requirement, but the number goes as high as fifty six, which is the requirement of Texas. Thus, education takes up a sizable portion of the time which the person spends in college. The states have realized this and have "remedied" this situation by requiring only twelve or eighteen hours of work in a field to be licensed to teach it. This means that in some states a person could teach a course such as English after having taken it only in his freshman and sophomore years. Such preparation hardly prepares expert teachers.

Education should develop the whole man. Whether the student is going to teach or run a stamping machine, he will lead a fuller life if he has a general knowledge of a variety of fields of human endeavor. However, a person can not take

courses in all the special fields and still fulfill the requirements which are still in effect. The solution now in general use is the general or survey course. This, in the opinion of most educators, represents the sole contribution of modern education to the accomplishment of education's ideal intended results. The argument advanced by those opposed to general education is that it doesn't develop the person sufficiently in his chosen field of study. This argument falls to pieces in the face of evidence gathered from several tests, foremost among which is the graduate record examination. Such tests show that the persons who have taken general education do as well in the special fields as the specialists, and do much better in the other fields.

One may say that the fields of knowledge are more developed now and that they will continue to develop. From this, it follows that a person can now receive a better education if that person is really sincere in his quest for knowledge. However, the obstacles which have been placed in such a person's way, and the easy road to an "education" such as has been described here have served to lower the standards of education to an astonishing degree. What does the future hold? In view of the present emphasis on such things as general education, many people predict that education will again rise to its previous exalted position. Then, and only then, will the Bachelor's Degree regain its rightful significance.

Bourgeois Slogans

1. *Service for profits.*
2. *Time is money.*
4. *Business is business.*
5. *Keep smiling.*
6. *Watch your step.*
7. *How's the rush?*
8. *How're you making out?*
9. *How's the world treating you?*
10. *The law of supply and demand.*
11. *Survival of the fittest.*
12. *Competition is the life of trade.*
13. *Your dollar is your best friend.*
14. *So's your old man.*
15. *So what?*

PETER MAURIN

The Titian Tea Rose

JOSEPH B. BARNETT

"A filet mignon, please - - - not too well done - - -." A budget pang hit her, but, after all, she had planned this for months, so she felt she could be a little extravagant. "- - - French onion soup, broccoli, *salade du Niagara*, and for desert - - - ah, - - - well, perhaps I'll order that later." She must control herself; even if this is a holiday, she musn't forget all the middle-age musts - - - dieting in particular. Her gaze shifted from the many temptations on the menu, passed through yesterday's bouquet of cut table flowers - - - titian-colored tea roses - - - and fell upon her husband, who at that moment was putting his whole heart and soul into ordering his dinner. He seemed to be thoroughly engrossed in the decision of whether to have baked or buttered-and-parsleyed potatoes.

"Frank," she hissed in her usual stentorian soprano after the waiter had retreated. "I wish you would pay just half as much attention to me as you do to your choice of food." Her voice lightened coquettishly. "After all, this is sort of a second honeymoon for us. Doesn't the thought that just twenty-five years ago we were spending our honeymoon in this very same hotel simply thrill you?"

Because Frank didn't seem to tingle at the thought, Madge's voice resumed its traditional authority. "Listen here. Just because you weren't too interested in coming here to Niagara Falls, you needn't ruin the trip for me." She developed a new strategy. "When that movie star Brenda Lewis and her husband came to this hotel on their second honeymoon last year, there were all kinds of pictures of them going horseback riding, playing tennis, and dancing

every evening. They certainly didn't sleep and eat all day the way you do. And what's more, they didn't wait twenty-five years either; when they were married they decided to take a honeymoon every five years."

"They were divorced two months ago," Frank said.

"Don't you think I know it. But that's not the point. It was their good intention that counted. Frank, if only *you* would be a little more romantic like other men. If I've told you once, I've told you five hundred times, you just don't appreciate me."

Frank sighed for the five hundredth time.

The ever-so-soft European music from the small supper-club orchestra strained occasionally through the typically American sound of tinkling silver on china. To this romantic cacophony, a small number of newly-weds, to whom marriage was still a series of thrills, romances, and dances, swayed lightly across the floor. Theirs was dancing of the type which resulted from months of dancing together. Almost any of these couples could fill the *Ladies Home Journal* rosy picture of typical newly-weds.

Near one edge of the dance floor were two people who were different from the rest only in that they were dancing a wee-bit farther apart. There was something of a shattered ethereal expression on the girl's face; the boy's forehead was wrinkled and his face was determined. Wedded bliss was not theirs at the moment.

Staring off into space, but unconsciously

watching a gaunt piano player, Bob was thinking to himself, "I don't see why she has to be that way. I didn't want to blow my top in the room this evening, but the way she acts makes me do it."

"Why doesn't he give in and say he's sorry—or even just say anything? He knows he's wrong," Joyce argued mentally. "Both times he was the one that started the fight."

They both remained firm and danced on in silence. When the music dipped to a climax, they perfunctorily added to the applause and then hunted for their table in the candle-lit dining room.

The late vintage champagne in their glasses had already bubbled itself out. When they arrived at the small table, their rotund waiter made a sudden appearance.

"Hmf," he interrupted in a tone which startled the couple back into reality. "Would you like your dinner served now?" he questioned half-heartedly, already placing their soup before them. He then lifted the cold, dripping champagne bottle from its icy holder, revitalized the debubbled liquid in their glasses, and shuffled quietly off to the next table with a simple "Hmf."

Bob, grateful that the waiter had gone, nervously spooned his soup and twice tried to say something, but the words drowned in the cream soup. Finally he gripped the spoon to revive his courage and cracked the awkward silence that fogged their table.

"Joyce, come on, let's not be like this . . . not on our honeymoon."

"On our honeymoon? What do you want to do - - - save all the fighting till we get back home? That's just crazy!"

"This isn't fighting, really it's not." Joyce was silent; this silence from a woman worried him. "It seems to me that most girls would be glad if their husband wants

them to have a wonderful honeymoon. But you want to start skimping and saving from the very first. Why be like that?"

She let his question go unanswered until she felt she had achieved the right effect.

"I'm just being practical. If it were up to you, we wouldn't have a cent left after this trip. You'd just throw our money to the wind." To emphasize her remark, she made a wind-blown gesture with her left hand, which undramatically became entangled in the spindley fern which filled the gaps between the roses.

"Damn it, Joyce, you're the one that's being impractical. After all, we get married only once. Someday you'll be glad I saw that we had a good expensive honeymoon."

Joyce at this point called forth a startled expression which she had long practiced through the years precisely for such occasions. "Bob Lawrence, you swore at me!" A silent period of shocked horror emphasized her statement; Bob squirmed and prepared to answer, but Joyce cut him short.

"If you think you can speak to your wife that way, you're mistaken. Mother told me that men often treat a girl sweetly before they get married, but afterwards—watch out! I'm leaving; I'll be up in the room - - - maybe." She rose slightly from her chair, just enough to frighten Bob but not so much that she would attract attention.

Bob reached forward, grabbed her arm, and eased her back into her chair. "You don't think I really meant that. It's just that - - - Oh, I'm all confused now - - - You know I didn't mean to argue with you."

Joyce knew she was victorious, but she held out a little longer.

"Listen, honey, I'll never argue with you again, I promise. I'm sorry, Joyce."

She cleared her self-misted eyes and

smiled a weak but forgiving smile. Bob beamed and searched for something to say - - - just anything.

"Why not drink your champagne before it gets warm."

Thinking to herself that his promise would come in handy someday, she sipped not too daintily at her champagne, since a performance like that always made her thirsty. To seal the settlement of love, they coyly clasped hands across the table under the drooping titian roses.

Frank appreciated the silence of the meal, effected by Madge's theory that, while conversation was a definite art, food was even a more tangible and enjoyable pastime. As a result Madge was never one to let food get cold while talking. If Madge didn't talk much during a meal, she nevertheless was busy watching everything of any importance. She was not nosey; she was simply observant. Twice during dinner she had pushed aside this rose or that candle in order to command a better view of her fellow-patrons. In her week at the Niagara House, she had become acquainted with almost every guest. Only a few had succeeded in avoiding her, but they were the eccentric ones, she told Frank.

Madge was sincerely provoked about Frank's attitude concerning the whole vacation: he wouldn't join in her prolonged excursions about town, nor take part in the bridge games forced upon her by other guests, nor even accompany her in calling on the new guests daily, as a good neighbor should. Although she knew that she didn't like to mention it to Frank, nevertheless he was not acting as a good husband should. No longer could her hints that he didn't appreciate how good a wife she was affect him. She had planned that this second honeymoon would inspire him, but it hadn't so far. Frank didn't react the way

he was supposed to - - - the way the men react in the daytime radio serials. He didn't have flowers sent daily or even occasionally to her; he didn't rush to hold her chair for her; he didn't even give her a small discreet kiss across the table at dinner (the way John Fielding did to his wife on their second honeymoon in "The Road to Happiness.")

During Madge's profound thoughts about Frank's failings, he had been intently buttering a warm cinnamon roll. "I must say they serve good food here," he sighed contentedly.

Much to his surprise, Frank's remark set off a harangue. "There you go again, always thinking about your stomach. We come to a romantic spot for a second honeymoon, and what do you do? Eat! Frank, I'll have to be blunt! You just don't treat me the way you should!"

"Oh come, Madge, what have I done now?" Frank half-heartedly protested, still munching the remains of the sticky cinnamon roll.

Madge counterattacked. "Nothing, positively nothing. While other men are doing kind things for their wives, you just sleep or eat."

"Madge, you know I'm not as young as I used to be. You tell me so yourself."

Discounting that last remark, Madge was ready for her trump card. Assuming a desperate expression of finality, she snuffled, "You don't have to come out and say it - - - you just don't love me anymore." She became uncommonly retiring and meekly arose from her chair. "I'm finished; you can stay as long as you like."

Frank had seen her do this before, when she wanted a new coat, when she felt she absolutely had to have more money, and recently when Frank held out temporarily against the trip to Niagara. He knew her whole act, but what could he do? Not

knowing how far Madge would carry her performance, Frank sighed and according to custom waved his white flag.

"Sit down, Madge. I suppose I have been inconsiderate."

Trying to remain reserved and meek, Madge acknowledged her traditional triumph. "Frank, I know you didn't mean to be cruel to me, but you'll have to think about my feelings a little more often. Why, just look around you - - - the room is filled with newly-weds, all pictures of loving thoughtfulness." Madge needed something to clinch her case. Quickly her gaze flitted around the room, searching for just the right picture of loving thoughtfulness. The raised champagne glasses at the nearby table caught her eye.

"There, look at that simply darling couple - - - holding hands across the table, sipping a toast of love with champagne. They're the very picture of happiness - - - you can tell they never speak harshly to each other. Let them be an example for you." Madge always could paint a descriptive picture.

Frank knew he was beaten before he even started, but he was used to it. Besides, even though he wasn't a Casanova, he understood that a woman probably does expect a little attention. But what could he do? He had no champagne; he couldn't hold hands across the table if he wanted, since his were still sticky from the cinnamon roll; and he would be damned if he would kiss Madge in that dining room; he was a lover of the old school and felt that there was a time and place for everything. Then an idea dawned and soon developed.

With the boldness of a boy on his first date, he sorted through the bouquet on the table, found one comparatively fresh rose, and placed it gallantly in Madge's buttonhole. She beamed radiantly—or at

least as radiantly as a woman can under three layers of face powder.

"Suppose that will do until the florist shop opens tomorrow?" John Barrymore, he recalled, had done that very same thing in one of his movies.

Holding hands on the table had become slightly tiresome to Bob, and awkward since he was trying to eat his salad. It didn't seem to bother Joyce. She was enjoying every moment of it, partly because she still had her right hand free to work on the guaranteed-ocean-fresh shrimp.

Since they had been married only fifty-eight hours, Bob felt a slight pang of conscience; here he was, thinking about his stomach when he had a wonderful wife like Joyce. Before the wedding he would have gone without food for whole days just to be with her; now he couldn't even give up a salad. Bob realized that he would have to watch himself closely and try to think of Joyce more often. "Why, just look around you," he told himself; "look at all the happy newly-weds. You won't find those fellows being selfish to their wives already. Just look how happy they are - - - Why, even that old man over there is more romantic than I am. There's an example for you, Bob; he's not too old to think of doing kind things for his wife. Look at that! He's even putting that rose on her dress." Bob was inspired.

He glanced at the girl that sat opposite him. Lord, he was a lucky man. He freed his hand from hers, snipped one of the nicer titian tea roses from those on the table, and affectionately pressed in into her blonde hair.

"You know, Joyce, I was just thinking. In twenty or thirty years, I bet we'll look like that couple over there. See them—the ones who look so pleasant. I'll bet they've

never had an argument yet."

A "Hmf" signaled the arrival of the rest of their dinner. Feeling refreshed as well

as hungry after his spontaneous expression of love, Bob eagerly attacked his lamb chop.

The Judgment Of The Just Man

JOHN W. GOOD

*I behold thee naked—
Naked as the tree bough
When winter bares it gray;
Without air, pretense, or show;
With no developed affectations.
I behold thee as thou art.*

*I would judge thee—
Judge thee for the merit
Reflected in thy soul;
For sins, omissions, and ills;
For thy life's long stewardship.
I would judge thee for all time.*

*I have thee mine—
Mine in all the glory
Of Vision Supreme;
In the perfection of My grace;
In the possession of all joy.
I have made thee for this.*

Enter!

Reading, Morality, And The Index

EDMUND F. BYRNE

This, we are told, is an inquiring age, an age of freedom and liberal thinking, an age that Man has made and an age that has been made for Man. Years of struggle against "prudery" and "puritanical prejudice" have at last provided elbow-room for a long-retarded culture. The steady, relentless waves of "disinterested search for truth" have at last become impressed upon the cardiograph of human activity.

The New Man has been born to the world. And in the midst of all his accomplishments the sorrows and suffering of the birth pangs have long been lost to memory. The slats of the cradle are broken and, unhindered by "the chains of antiquity," the child is growing with leaps and bounds.

Most clearly is this "progress" evident in the hallowed realm of "belles-lettres." For, as one from "the old school" has observed, "Nowhere in the history of literature can I read of an(other) age . . . when young men and women demanded so boldly to be quit of all ancient restraints—or when so much witless filth was foisted upon an unprotesting people . . . In pictures, plays, and books we can see the record of our decadence."

"But it doesn't matter what one reads," the "moderns" cry, ". . . especially if one is well educated." "What's wrong with taking life as it is? A clean mind won't be affected by immoral books." "The average reader can tell the good from the bad . . . anybody knows how to sort apples." "People are used to realism—they can take it or leave it . . . And, besides, you have to read to know the false ethics of the

day." "And" (the most unwittingly true of them all) "if people's faith and morals can't survive the reading of 'vivid' literature, then there's something wrong somewhere!"

It is on that little insight that we enter the discussion. For, any reader who can see no sound reason why every line ever printed should not be at his disposal, has already ignored the fundamental weakness of human nature and has posited in its place the idol of Man the Good. Only with this delightful assumption can he merrily drop his gaze on whatever meets his eye. Only with such a position can he breathe forth his heartfelt pity upon anyone whose mind is so corrupted as to see anything wrong with "the grand, sincere, and curative picture of life as it is."

But of all the paradoxes in this land of endless paradox, none is more ludicrously evident than the miles and miles of thought which separate the modern reader's acceptance of "liberal literature" from the principles which men have offered to give birth to such an idea.

For let it not be forgotten that the modern literati do not trace their philosophical ancestry to the teachings of the Little Flower! Far from it, their family tree has grown in the ground made fertile by materialism and mechanism, liberalism and positivism, and by the ever-popular tenets of Sigmund Freud. Henri Bergson has sprinkled the sod with his emphasis on instinct and intuition. Karl Marx has brought for a hoe his theory of a Reason chained to economic conditions. And deep in the garden bed the post-Freudian psychoanalyst has plunged himself to contem-

plate the subconscious, where everything is motivated by irrational and irresponsible forces.

And thus we have on one side a reading public naively glorying in the great god Man, while on the other side a cold, cynical group of writers with one hand raise the flag of "freedom" and "culture" and with the other daub the minds of the people with the poison of Marx and Freud.

Here, it would seem, the Catholic should take his leave of literary modernism. For surely there can be no harmony of mind between a Christian and a post-Christian. In fact, to the modern devotees of sex who dabble in art and writing there is no mind, and as a consequence no moral responsibility, no afterlife and no retribution. Their obligations to themselves and to the society in which they work is reducible to the libido of the moment.

We know well, as does the Freudian, that man is not inanimate. He is a living, breathing animal, profoundly moved by whatever meets his senses. But beyond the Freudian concept, he is also a rational being, with a soul and a mind, a will and a conscience, and a goal that is greater than the satisfaction of the senses. And therefore he cannot remain indifferent to the world about him. He cannot rest in the naive complacency of a stone. For though he is ever free to govern what shall remain in the realm of his consciousness, still he is greatly influenced in his decisions by external and internal senses, and particularly by the passions, or what are commonly called emotions. And of these passions, desire, especially as manifested in the gnawing, craving hunger of the sexual appetite, is perhaps as strong as any we encounter.

All this would be well and good were we in a state of perfection. But man is by

nature a fallen creature, a shadow of what he was in the garden of Eden. True, he is a rational being, but left to himself, bearing the effects of Adam's sin with the added weight of his own personal guilt, the fortress of his soul would be an indefensible shell against the armies of Satan that besiege it. For though our intellect and will, the rational part of our being, are in the inner sanctum of the ego, excluded to all save God and the self, inviolable by angels, men, or devils, at the same time the sense powers hold open house. And when a word such as *prostitute* proceeds through the internal operations of the knower, the odds are on that if that word is backed up with a sufficient number of others which go to create a "vivid, realistic, true-to-life picture," the passions are bound to be aroused. Controllable, yes, but as St. Thomas Aquinas warns, "passion leads the reason to judge in the particular contrary to the knowledge which it has in general." Otherwise, why would Catholics sin? Mere knowledge of right and wrong, of good and bad, is not sufficient to preserve the untainted purity of the cradle.

But the causes of sin are reducible to the passions of the irascible and concupiscible appetites, the one involving sins of malice which arise from intellectual pride, and the other concupiscence of the eyes and of the flesh! Thus, as moral beings, we are bound in conscience by the natural law to guard our senses at least from whatever would be a near, or proximate, occasion of sin, whether the realization of its nature occurs before, during, or after a given association.

"Are we, then, to know nothing?" a goodly number of Catholic intelligentsia are wont to exclaim. "Are we to remain in ignorance, unable to keep abreast with the times, with nothing to read but liturgical hymns and pious meditations?"

Obviously not, but still we must remember that knowledge, *qua* knowledge, is not the end-all and be-all of existence. According to the Summa, "the knowledge of truth is in itself, speaking *per se*, good. But *per accidens* it can be evil, by reason of the following: either insofar as, for one thing, one is puffed up by his knowledge of truth or *insofar as a man uses the knowledge of truth to commit sin*." That a certain street-walker is unusually buxom may very well be true, but if my knowledge of the fact leads me to commit sin, *either internally or externally*, that knowledge is not only fruitless, it is downright detrimental!

To persist in such an inordinate desire for the knowledge of truth, in spite of probable spiritual consequences, is the sin of curiosity, which in this sense is always at least venial and through circumstances can become mortal in one of three ways: (1) in regard to the matter, as when the knowledge of something is prohibited by natural or positive law; (2) in regard to the end, if it is seriously sinful; or (3) in regard to the means, as in the case of a person who endeavors to learn something by means of magic.

"Well, then," the modern might inquire, "how do you reconcile with these norms such things, for example, as the detailed studies of a medical student, or of midwives or seminarians, or any of the others who deal with matters which you would have to call spiritually hazardous?"

Again the answer is evident enough. A person may never deliberately place himself in a proximate occasion of sin—that is, one from which sin is probable—but he may and should allow a remote occasion—one from which sin is only possible—when a sufficiently grave reason demands it. In other words, here we might apply the criteria of matter, end, and means in a posi-

tive direction.

"A rather narrow and gloomy attitude," the argument might continue. "You take man as basically evil or at least attracted to that extreme, add that the world, the powers of hell, and his own flesh are warring against him, and then insist that he take care to preserve his moral integrity! How do you expect him to be good?"

An excellent question, the answer to which lies in the pages of history. Man of himself cannot be good. In spite of wars and debaucheries and even orgies dedicated to religion, social custom based on the natural law has always afforded a certain check on external actions. But no one has ever proposed that a man be pure even in thought—no one, that is, except Christ! "Anyone," He told the Jews, "who so much as looks with lust at a woman has already committed adultery with her in his heart." "You are to be perfect, even as your heavenly Father is perfect." From a worldly point of view an utterly naive and unattainable wish! But bring divinity into the picture and we have a new understanding of the potentialities of man, a new appreciation of the sublime dignity that is his. And it is only through Christianity that this is possible. The cynical Swinburne once wrote, "Thou hast conquered, O pale Galilean!" and in spite of himself he had uttered the profoundest of truths!

Thus we approach the world with eyes that are portals of a soul redeemed and strengthened by the merits of Calvary. And just as a treasure-hunter places a guard at the door to a new-found trove, so, too, must we be vigilant in protection of our spiritual wealth.

We are not Christians, in the full sense of the word, but with the infinite aids at our disposal we spend a lifetime striving for the right to that name, which shall never really be ours till the seal of death ends our struggle for salvation. And as

the earthly guide in this quest, God, through the God-Man Christ, has left us Holy Mother Church. "Feed my lambs . . . feed my sheep," Our Lord commanded. But how? By what authority? "Whatever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound also in heaven . . ." Ah, we are but men, O Lord; how are we to know what is your will? "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it," for "behold, I am with you all days, even unto the consummation of the world," . . . and "I will send (the Advocate) to you" . . . and "He will tell you what to say."

It is in this capacity, as guardian of souls, that the Church has enacted the canons which regulate the printing and reading of books. These canons fall naturally into two main groups: (1) the laws of censorship, which pertain to works that by their very nature require ecclesiastical approval prior to publication; and (2) the laws of prohibition—with which we are concerned—and these deal with books already printed and in circulation. These latter laws, in turn, may be viewed either (a) in regard to their general provisions, which include the norms for moral evaluation of a book, or (b) as these norms are exemplified in the condemnation of specific works—the sum of which constitutes the controversial Index of Forbidden Books.

"All utterly unreasonable!" we are told. But an analogy is often used between the canons on books and the Pure Food and Drug Laws. No one complains about the protection from poisons that destroy the body; this action is necessary for the preservation of health. Why not, then, safeguard the health of the mind by the restriction of poisonous literature? Granted, the "Index" may wear like a hair-shirt at times, but so does income tax on the Ides of March, so does military service when the draft board wants *you*, so does any law

that is inconvenient. Still law is necessary and beneficial to the common good. It is an ordinance of reason determined by a proper authority and promulgated in the society over which he has charge. In this case the proper authority is the representative of Christ on earth proclaiming the will of God, as is his prerogative and his power, within all matters pertaining to faith and morals. This right is irrevocable and may result in enactments either prescriptive or prohibitive. The decrees of the Index are prohibitive.

And why? One writer has summarized it well:

Every law is, in a sense, a restriction of freedom; or, more correctly, a remedial agency against license. There is no domain in which license is so rampant as in the field of thought, and no agency, if misdirected, is more inimical to truth. Apparently, there are no limits to the vagaries of the human mind and they habitually find expression through the medium of unsavory writings. To restrict this evil, and to protect the unwary from the abysmal consequences of distorted mentality, the Church instituted the Index.

But of primary importance is the fact that *the Index is not and never was a complete list of evil or dangerous books*. It is merely a list of books condemned by the Holy See after a most thorough and impartial investigation by the Congregation of the Holy Office, in response to specific requests submitted to Rome for decision. The Congregation might be favorably compared to the Supreme Court of the United States government. For, each serves as a court of last appeals and each in turn has delegated its power to subsidiary authorities in districts within its domain. Thus, by Canon 1395, local ordinaries may, for a just reason, prohibit their subjects from reading

any given book, and thence, by appeal to Rome, may have it condemned universally—if the Pontiff so sees fit.

But a Catholic whose sole test of a particular book is that "it is on the Index" is extremely ill-informed. Far more important than the list of banned works are the provisions of Canon 1399, which *clearly marks out in twelve general classes the types of literature that are to be regarded as forbidden reading even though the particular titles involved are not included in the Index proper*. These may be divided into three broader groups of (1) certain religious books without Catholic censorship, (2) books against faith, and (3) books against morals, under which are included "books which professedly discuss, describe, or teach impure or obscene matters," the term "books" meaning also magazines, newspapers, and pamphlets, according to Canon 1384:2.

Thus, for example, it would be most difficult for a Catholic to justify perusal of many of the modern pulp magazines, since, even though he might not consider such reading a proximate occasion of sin—in which case it is forbidden by the natural law—still, in view of the frequent obscenity which these magazines exhibit or, better, of their open aversion for any moral limitation, they must be considered as ethically out of bounds by the positive law of the Church.

And lest there be any question about the universality of the laws from which the Index has arisen, in regard to the reader, Pope Leo XIII has declared them "binding on all the faithful of the universe, regardless of race or language, nationality or country, education, learning, or station in life;" and, in regard to the book itself, Canon 1398 explains that "the condemnation of a book entails the prohibition—except with special permission—either to publish, to read, to keep, to sell,

to translate, or in any way to pass it on to others."

The phrase "with special permission" is, of course, the loophole which should answer any cries of "tyranny" from the ranks of educated Catholics. For the Church, knowing well that no amount of learning or prestige will ever remove the natural weaknesses of human nature, still realizes that there are in the flock a good number who by the very nature of their vocation must of necessity read forbidden literature. And consequently, any Catholic can, for a sufficiently grave reason, obtain permission to read a condemned book, a permission which, in extreme emergency, may even be presumed.

Of course, if a person still asserts his individuality and, of his own accord, knowingly reads or defends a book on the Index, he is guilty of serious sin and, in cases of books that have been specially condemned "in a more solemn manner," subjects himself to possible, or even, on occasion, ipso facto excommunication.

In regard to selection of a particular book for reading, we must remember that, as one bright student remarked, when human beings are involved, one is not dealing with absolutes, he is dealing with relatives. So, too, is the choice of a book a matter of applying universals to the particular. But as Catholics we are guided by the moral virute of prudence, which directs all things to our final end, and by the wisdom of the Holy Spirit. We have as norms the natural and positive laws, especially as contained in the pertinent commandments of God and the laws of the Church in regard to reading, and to focus them on the particular we can seek the advice of one prepared to rule wisely concerning the book in question—off-hand, a Catholic librarian or literary critic. Important to remember here, however, is that the "total percentage of evil" contained

in a book is irrelevant in a particular case. It is the effect which that evil will have on the individual reader that must determine his right to use it.

In this respect, a well-known critic has observed that "many an author is guilty . . . in the matter of suggestiveness: the vivid scene, the titillating passage, may have been written with all the good intentions in the world, but its intrinsic bent, what it will actually occasion, is the further ripple that the author may not intend"—but which is nevertheless present and must be dealt with accordingly. To this extent, at least, literature exercises a moral function, insofar as it treats of the actions of men, who are good or bad; and "to this extent its basis is religion—at least in the wide and inclusive sense of man's relationship to God."

Of such stuff is made the Church's attitude on reading, morality, and the Index. Of such is her rationale for the prohibition of literature. Her laws are binding on all Catholics for the very reason that they are Catholics and have accepted on divine authority her right to legislate in matters of faith and morals. Yet though the obligation is universal, its fulfillment in particular cases remains subject to the will of the individual, for he is still free and, in this world at least, God will not interfere. But with the tender compassion of a father He warns: ". . . if thy right eye is an occasion of sin to thee, pluck it out," . . . for "he that loveth danger shall perish in it."

"Therefore," St. Paul concludes, "let him who thinks he stands take heed lest he fall."

The wise man never worries about those who disagree with him; how can he expect them not to?

Absence diminishes little passions and increases great ones, just as the wind blows out a candle and fans a fire. French proverb.

Stick With Pop

ROBERT A. LAHEY

Jackie Costa had just won his first big fight and Pop and George were pretty happy. It was a Garden fight just before the main event with a five hundred dollar purse. After the fight I went over to Hannigan's with the three of them to suck up a couple of beers.

Pop was surrounded at the bar by a bunch of the neighborhood experts and immediately began to predict how soon it would be when his son got a title bout. George and Jackie grabbed a table by the wall and I joined them. We left Pop to his discussion.

Pop was a little guy; I mean short. He was built like a bulldozer, though, and he'd kept in pretty good shape. His stomach was getting a little out of line, but with him it looked natural. The hair he had left was beginning to gray a little. Pop was always on the go, and when he wasn't directing a boxer, he was talking about directing boxers, like then at the bar. He'd been around the fights most of his life, and even if he never had gotten too close to the top, he had always been a long way from the bottom.

"The old man's feeling pretty good about the KO," George grinned at his brother.

"Yeah." Jackie smiled a little.

"He'll be asking for a thousand bucks next time around, I'll bet."

"And then the title," I said.

"Bye and bye," George grinned. "Let's have a drink to that, Jackie."

George was a lot like his dad. He'd taken his time in the ring, but he'd never shown the class that it takes to get up

where the money is. So, after three years of winning some and losing most of 'em, he'd gone to helping his dad train other guys for the fights. He worked in the ring with Jackie a lot, and both he and Pop were convinced that Jackie was going all the way to the top.

We ordered beer and George lifted his glass to his younger brother. "All the luck in the world, kid."

After about an hour at Hannigan's, Jackie said he wanted to take off, and motioned me to come along. He gave the bartender ten to cover the drinks and turned to Pop.

"I'm going, Pop—got things to do."

"O.K., boy," said his dad. "Better not drink anymore tonight. I want you back in the gym by Friday. You'll need to be in shape from now on."

"Yeah."

Pop turned to me. "You better be up there about ten tomorrow. You're in the ring next week, so get in early, Steve."

"O.K., Pop," I said, starting for the door.

"Jackie turned again. "I'll see you, Pop." The old man looked up.

"Yeah, sure, Jackie."

* * * * *

Jackie didn't say two words from the time we left Hannigan's 'til we got in the apartment. First thing he did when we got there was grab his bag and start throwing clothes in it.

"You didn't tell Pop," I said to him.

"Hell, I can't tell him," Jackie replied.

"Woulda been better if you'd told him."

"Look, Steve, you know damned well I've told him a hunnerd times, I ain't go-

ing to be a fighter. He won't listen."

"Yeah, I guess so," I said.

"You tell him. After I'm gone. Then he'll listen."

I lit a cigarette and watched Jackie throw his clothes and shaving stuff in the bag. He grabbed a comb and smoothed his black hair out. It glistened in the light and I thought to myself he was a pretty good looking guy—even with a few scars on his face. But he wouldn't be getting any more scars.

"You sure you don't want to come along with me, Steve?" Jackie asked.

"Naw, I'll stick around awhile," I said. "You got enough money?"

"I got three hunnerd. That'll last me 'til I light some place and get a job."

"O.K., I got some if you need it."

"Naw, I'm alright."

I went out side with Jackie. He said he'd get a hotel room that night and start west in the morning. He wouldn't let me drive him anywhere. Before I left Jackie pulled an envelope out of his pocket and handed it to me.

"Give this to Pop," he said. "Tell him I'm sorry. George'll be plenty teed off. I'll be back one of these days when they've cooled off."

"Shall I tell 'em you're still in town?"

"No. Tell 'em you took me to the train station. I don't want George getting any ideas about finding me."

"Where you headed?"

"That don't make any difference," he said. "I don't know for sure."

"Well, be good, Jackie—I'll see you when you get back this way."

"Sure, Steve." We shook hands. "And if you're gonna fight," he said, "Stick with Pop. He knows his stuff."

"You bet, Jackie."

I walked away and got in the car, headed for Hannigan's again.

* * * * *

Pop and George were still sitting at the bar talking shop with the stragglers who never wanted to go home. I sat down unnoticed until most of them had gone and then I walked over to the bar.

"Pop." He turned.

"Hi, Steve. Where's Jackie?" I looked at George, on the other side of Pop, and then back at the old man.

"Jackie's gone, Pop. He said to give you this." I handed him the envelope. Pop looked at me kinda funny. He didn't say a word. George looked at the envelope in my hand. He got a mean look on his face, and started to say something. Instead he climbed off the stool and stepped up by Pop.

"What's it say?" Pop asked. I shrugged.

"It's got your name on it, Pop." I gave him the envelope.

"Where'd he go?" George wanted to know.

"I don't know."

"Well, why the hell don't you know? You were with him, weren't ya? Why didn't ya tell us?" Pop looked up.

"Hold it, George. It ain't Steve's fault."

George shut up and we watched Pop as he looked at the letter. His hands were shaking some, and it took him a long time to get through it. I could see that it wasn't very long.

Finally Pop folded the letter and stuck it in his sweater. Then he just sat there and stared at me and George. We stared back.

"He walked out on me," Pop said like he wasn't sure it was so. "Just when he's going good, he quits. Couldn't even tell me he was going. I was gonna make a champ out of that kid, too. He coulda been a champ."

And he walked out on me."

"The yellow devil," George mumbled.

"I knew he was still a young fighter, but I didn't know he was yellow," Pop said. I turned around and headed for the door. *He wasn't yellow, you old coot. If a guy don't want to fight, he don't want to fight, that's all.* Pop yelled at me as I went out the door.

"Where you going?" he asked.

"I dunno—guess I'll go look for a job," I told him.

"Job, hell—you got a job," he said. "Look, Steve, I never told you this, 'cause I didn't want you to get ahead of yourself, but you're going to take over where Jackie left off. You ain't been the fighter that Jackie has, 'cause me and George been concentratin' on him. But we're gonna take care of you from now on."

I wasn't sure if he meant it. I'd been picking up a few wins here and there and I guess I'd been learning some, but I could never stand up to Jackie's style. I told Pop he didn't owe me nothing. I said Jackie had been his best bet, but just 'cause he was gone he didn't have to look after me. I told him I was way behind Jackie. Then George stepped up and grabbed my arm. I guessed he wasn't mad at me.

"Look, Steve," he said, "Do you want to get up in the money fights?" I said I guessed I did.

"O.K.," said George, "You stick with Pop. He knows his stuff."

II

That was four years ago. And I stuck with Pop. He knew his stuff alright. He knew enough to put me on top. Yeah, I'm the champ—the best fighter around, they say. Maybe, maybe not. I earned what I got out of the ring. I worked hard all the way. Pop worked hard, too—so did George. I thought for awhile that a guy like Jackie was crazy to walk out on the set-up he had. But now I guess he was smart. He's

got his wife—what's her name, Ellen, I guess. He's got a good home, decent clothes. He don't make a lot of money. But, he can sleep nights. He was the smart one.

So now I'm gonna take his advice. I'm quitting the fights. Sure, they say you can't walk out on something like what happened tonight. But you can't let it happen again, either. So I'm getting out.

That poor guy didn't have a chance tonight. He swung wide with his right and came in wide open. I caught him right on the point of the chin. Best punch I ever threw. Ha, that's a laugh. I knew he was hurt when he went down. Hit that floor like a sack of potatoes. I knew he was gone when I looked back at him, too. Nobody said anything, but they musta knowed. He never moved a muscle. Then they carried him out on that stretcher. Never saw that happen before. I remember what George said to me yesterday. "When you're through with that jelly bean, they'll have to carry him out." I wonder if he meant that. Hell no, he didn't mean it.

Geez, they didn't even cover him up. Guess they didn't want the crowd to know 'til I was out of there. But I knew. I could feel it. He was dead when he hit the floor. And I killed him. Me, the champ.

So I'm getting out. No more killing for this guy. Pop'll blow his stack. But he's had his champ—it's just like I got KO'd up there tonight. I'm through with fighting. No more gloves.

They'll be looking for me. It won't be as easy for me to walk out as it was for Jackie. He got out early. Before he had to worry about anybody but himself. George'll say I'm yellow, probably. Maybe I am. But I'm through. I'll meet Jackie out in back like he said and he can take me to the station. The commissioner said that that guy'd been warned last year about fighting, so there probably won't even be

an investigation. I won't be needed. The newspapers will raise hell though. They'll say the fight game is worse than the gladiators or something—they always do. I don't care what they say about the fight game.

Sure too bad about Pop and Jackie. The old man hadn't even seen him since that night four years ago. Says he don't wanta see him. George saw him once. Just long enough to paste him in the mouth and tell him he was yellow. But that don't make no difference. Jackie's better off the way he

is. He could be in my shoes tonight. He was smart to quit.

Jackie'll be waiting. The cops are out in front with the crowd. There won't be anybody out back. I'll walk out of here quiet tonight. And I ain't coming back. I wish George'd quit, too. But he won't. He'll stick with Pop. And when Pop's dead, he'll take over whoever they're working at the time. And maybe they'll have another champ someday. But whatever happens, he'll stick with Pop.

A young person who neglects the liberal arts may be pious and pures but so long as he has to live as a man among men, I do not know how anyone can call him happy.

St. Augustine, DE ORDINE.

Television Dons A Hospital Gown

HOWARD L. PENNING

In the fourth century B.C. a Greek physician pronounced a code of ethics that has been adhered to throughout the years by all men worthy to bear the title Doctor of Medicine. Since that time in ancient history there has been created an affinity among men of science which has bonded great discoveries into one common cause, the relief of suffering of man. In recent history a new scientific era has been created, one that has been appropriately labeled the atomic age.

To go into a detailed list of memorable scientific discoveries during this age would be an endless task. However, one of the most remarkable inventions of this age has been television. Though its primary function at the present is in the recreational medium, other uses have already been derived. Hospital use is one of the more important and undoubtedly will become increasingly more important.

Even at the slightest look into television one fact is immediately obvious. Television is costly. The cost of an average commercial network television program is approximately \$50,000. This quoted cost does not include the price charged by the network for the time of the program on television. Meeting an expense of such an amount is an extremely difficult task. In order to prove worthy of such an expense, television had to be demonstrated as a superior medium for medical visual education.

In order that a large representation of doctors in the United States might witness such demonstrations, the American Medical Association's annual meetings were selected as common ground where medicine and television could meet.

In 1948 and 1949 television made its first appearances as a medical agent before the annual American Medical Association meetings. In the latter year, moreover, color television was introduced. Doctors of all fields returned from those meetings impressed, and unanimously agreed that the "physicians attending the session had witnessed another milestone in the evolution of visual education." Television had proved its ability and worth.

The hospitals and medical universities had also taken note of television. By 1948 the Saint Joseph School of nursing in connection with Creighton University, and Television station WOW of Omaha, Nebraska, had arranged an experimental system of student nurse instruction through the medium of television.

The new medium was finding diverse uses in the field of Medicine. The problem of student nurse instruction had become adapted to television in several large medical centers. Student nurses, who before had to appear in the operating room or in amphitheaters in order that they might observe the functions of a graduate nurse assisting at an operation, now appeared in classrooms in larger numbers before a large-screen television set. In this way they were afforded direct, accurate views of operations with the aid of appropriate commentary. This method had removed the obstacle of limited space, and nurses were taught in greater numbers and with greater facility.

As would be expected, pre-medical students were also benefiting from the arrival of television. A new type of immediate contact between student, surgeon, and in-

structor had been attained. It was becoming no longer necessary to travel across a city from hospital to hospital for a student to observe master surgeons at work. The miracle of television linked many hospitals, and the surgical performances of many master technicians were presented in one classroom through television.

This was not the only advantage to the student. It had become possible, by using two or more television cameras, to show comparative pictures on the television screen in a large classroom. On the screen the surgeon has just removed the inflamed appendix and it is visible for inspection. Next the picture suddenly changes to a photograph of a normal appendix. Then the picture again changes to a photograph of a more severely inflamed appendix. Through this process the student has been given a visual comparison under conditions afforded by no other medium.

If television has done remarkable things for the medical student it has done even more for the doctor interested in a post-graduate view of operative procedure. Master technicians are available at greater convenience through television. Television gives a better view to more people in a given period of time than any other medium of visual instruction. It provides the doctor, student, and nurse with the largest medical classroom in the world. The surgeon studying technique is given a choice of the world's rare operations in a single room. A huge diversity of learned professors lecture to a group, the size of which is unlimited. The doctors of America become acquainted with the latest and best styles of surgical wonders.

The question may be rightly asked at this point, "How does this use of television in the hospital benefit the general public?" The answer is that, in addition to the improved training of doctors, better methods of both physical and mental care

of the patient have been adopted through the use of television. In one aspect the general comfort of the patient has been heightened. No longer is it necessary for the patient to be surrounded by a complement of eager internes while a demonstration of examining procedure is given. Internes now view the procedure and receive the commentary by way of television. By the use of this method the patient has to do with only a single physician and a television camera. This method is far less annoying than a large group of spectators.

In addition to his mental well-being, the patient's hygienic safety is assured. This is best exemplified by the use of a television camera in the hospital nursery, where a crowd of observers is always likely to be a possible source of contagion to the feeble newborn. This is true also in the isolation ward, where the danger of contamination is always great.

The use of regular network television programs in the hospital rooms and wards may seem extraneous to the general theme of this article. However, the use of commercial television in the hospital has proved highly beneficial in the psychological adjustment of bedridden patients. This new medium, aside from education, takes the patient outside the four walls and brings the whole world at his feet. In more recent years this is especially beneficial for the morale of polio patients in iron lungs.

Television is also bringing the hospital to the people. A new system of X-ray inspection by means of televised images has been devised. This system enables the rural and suburban patient to step before an X-ray television transmitter in the suburbs and receive the diagnosis of an expert at a city hospital, without travel cost. This new arrangement is being used over long distances but through short, inter-classroom distances as well. The magic of television has enabled technicians to give bet-

ter interpretations of X-rays because of sharper and more clearly defined X-ray pictures. Thus the teaching of X-ray interpretation to large groups is likewise assured.

The improvement of color-television is expected to work wonders in many specialized fields. Dermatology, the specialized study of diseases of the skin, will be greatly aided. This specialized field of medicine depends upon highly minute distinctions in the color of skin tissue. With color-television, a single case can be presented to a distinguished group of specialists for compound diagnosis, by means of the television camera.

According to all predictions, the future will offer a wonderful multiplicity of uses for television in the hospital. Doctors and nurses may be taught almost completely

by means of television. The doctor of the future may even perform his hospital rounds by means of television cameras trained upon each hospital bed.

Perhaps some one may say, "Well, if I'm going to be examined by a television camera, what is going to prevent everyone in the country from looking in on me?" This is a reasonable objection which, however has a very simple answer. Hospital television works on a closed circuit; that is, it is a specific circuit working by cable or by specially beamed signal for hospital television receivers only. Television will not destroy the patients privacy. The new medium will serve rather to preserve it, and also protect the patient from possible disturbance or contamination. Television has donned the hospital gown and has taken up the fight to relieve the sufferings of man.

At some thoughts one stands perplexed, especially the sight of men's sins, and wonders whether one should use force or humble love. Always decide to use humble love. If you decide it once for all you may subdue the whole world. Loving humility is marvellously strong, the strongest of anything, and there is nothing like it.

Dostoyevsky, BROTHERS KARAMAZOV

Seven Cents

NOEL T. COUGHLIN

Whether he was old or young it was difficult to say. It didn't make any difference: he was a derelict. Brown, muddy, creaseless pants, a single-button, double-breasted coat, and a once white shirt he called his own; nothing else except a brown fedora which he wore on occasion: the only symbol of his self-respect. He was wearing it today. Why today? He didn't know. Possibly he felt that it was going to be a big day. To all appearances, however, the day afforded no particular impression to the derelict that it was going to be any more than an ordinary, creeping parasite of time sapping away his life. A day meant to him one eternity in the morning and a second in the evening. Days such as this one, gray, biting, yet without wind, darkened the scowl which fitted him like his well-worn suit of clothes. Days as this one engraved it upon his face.

He spied a foppish zoot-suiter shuffling towards him. Flowered lapel and jazzy step indicated a soft touch. It is this type that put on the grand air and philanthropically drop coins in outstretched hands. The derelict prided himself in his observations based on years of experience. He knew types. He had to. He was a derelict.

He doffed his pride and showed his scalp threaded by a few confused strands of hair. "Pardon me, Sir" (oh the inflection of that "Sir:" reverential, awesome—a verbal obeisance that he knew appealed to this type), "but can I have a dime for a cup of coffee?"

"Let's see the cup of coffee!" (Could the derelict have been wrong?)

"Look, Sir," he was whining now; it was

time to go into the sob-story. "I've got four sons, four sons!" He flagged four grimy fingers. "But will they give me a dime? No! They wouldn't give their old man a --!"

"Can it, Pop, or you'll win the academy award!"

"But I ain't eat in days . . ."

"Aw, beat it, ya dirty bum, you're wiltin' my chrysanthemum!"

The derelict cursed the retreating figure with a long string of epithets until finally exhausting his repertoire. He spat and leaned against a patient telephone pole. "All I wanted was a dime, not a diamond! 'Let's see the cup of coffee!' Aint he cute, though? The dirty - -" He unwound his string again; his pride was hurt; he had made a typing error.

He began to walk. He didn't know where he was going; he just turned the corners, crossed the streets mechanically. Where could a derelict go?

"Pardon me, Sir, but can I have a dime for a cup of coffee?" He didn't even pause to survey the individual; he told himself that he was desperate. "This is all the change I have, I'm sorry" was all he heard. The Derelict felt the deliciously cold metal of the coins. He didn't look at them, a habit he developed for he didn't want to appear greedy. "Good psychology," he called it.

He started walking again, like a tin soldier which is nearly unwound. The coins were still prisoned in his palm. When he finally unclenched his fingers and discovered three sweaty coins, he spat out: "Seven cents! Seven dirty, rotten, stinkin' cents. Seven cents!" He stopped and found

himself before a telephone pole. He fell against it in disgust. "Seven cents!" He looked at the coins unblinkingly. He clenched his fingers again. A new feeling swept over him: he felt ashamed. "Seven cents!" The feeling engulfed him like a terrifying experience. "Seven cents!" He took off his hat and twisted it in his fingers. He pulled it to his ears. He didn't realize it, but it was the first time he didn't place it on his head with care. Wound by the key of the strange sensation, he began to walk again. He tried to unravel his string of epithets, but remained inarticulate. Formerly he could have cleansed himself of all trace of emotion by a vituperative outlet; now he could only mutter, "Seven cents!"

He pushed himself into a diner. "What can I buy for seven cents?" he asked himself, "A doughnut, maybe? a candy bar?" He noticed that the waiter didn't come over to him, but kept staring out over the scratched, red letters that spelled his name and station in life on the window. He saw the derelict come in. Why didn't he wait on him? Among the gaudy signs that were placed helter-skelter on the walls there stood out in fiery letters: Now Only Seven Cents—A Boston-Cream Tart! Underneath was a chipped saucer cushioning a tawdry delicacy with cracked icing. Suddenly the thought of spending seven cents struck the derelict like a slap in the face. He looked at the coins and became drunk with shame. He wanted to cry out to the dirty-aproned waiter, "Whatsa matter, doncha think I got any dough? I can buy anything I want in this dump, anything! Do you hear me, anything!" But he didn't. The waiter, as if by telepathic suggestion, turned and jerking his head at the derelict asked, "What'll ya have, Bub?" He answered quietly, "Nothin'."

He stumbled out of the diner, stiff-arming the door. As he looked at the seven cents again he recalled the phrase he heard time

and time again: "Your life aint worth a dime." Another man slid past him and into the diner. The waiter left his window and grinned at the customer. He watched through the window the man ordering lunch. The derelict tried to avoid the ghastly reflection staring back at him. But the reflection persisted to stand in his way. Too long did he refuse to gaze into those glassy eyes, to notice the drooping shoulders, the plunging eyebrows, the jagged nose, the sagging cheeks, the bend of his slit-mouth, all following the line of least resistance, all pointing downward. Strangely enough, he didn't feel sorry for that miserable reflection; but instead he vaguely understood that this was a product of his own creativity, that this reflection was modeled by his own will. Once more he felt the weight of the seven cents, heavier by far than their metal. They were the albatross about his neck. They were choking him.

A fat, greasy tot pranced toward him. As he came closer, the bounce left his pace and he stared warily at the derelict. The presence of evil seemed to overshadow the boy as he side-stepped the object of his observations. The derelict tried to smile but a sickly frown rewarded his efforts. He never practised enough. "Here, kid, buy yourself some candy." He held out the sweaty coins. The boy looked at the dull seven cents imbedded in the derelict's hand. For an instant the child thought to reach out and grasp the money, but the hand of the derelict seemed a bottomless chasm, that if he were to place his hand therein it would be lost forever. He turned and fled. The derelict thought aloud: "I don't blame you, kid, I don't want them, either."

Suddenly a purpose flitted through his mind, surged in his veins and pushed him forward. Back went his shoulders as he plowed down the sidewalk until he came to the river. He looked at the yellow water

lazily rippling below him. He gazed at it for a few minutes and then slowly dropped the coins to be swallowed by the water. First a penny, then the nickle. The last

penny lingered in his fingers but it, too, was drowned. The man reblocked his hat, fitted it carefully upon his head, and walked away.

Over nothing have I sweated so much as my dissertation. Its thesis could have been just as fully and satisfactorily presented without all the paraphernalia of references and footnotes. But apparently the soundness or unsoundness of the arguments I advanced was of little consequence; what was of vital importance in the eyes of my mentors was that I display as ostentatiously as possible the scholarly apparatus employed. This being so, I gave them in full measure what they asked for, though with a mounting contempt for such preposterous pedantry. For the use of the mechanics of this sort of scholarship can be mastered by anybody of average intelligence in a few days. The mystery is bluff, the abracadabra, ABC.

Theodore Maynard, THE WORLD I SAW

De Vita Discipuli In Collegio

FREDRICK J. FALCE

Disciplina a tempore Graecorum omnibus fere hominibus opus fuit. Nunc, cum aliquis scholam frequentare incipit, argillam fingere, quadrata describere, et cetera discit. Tum octo anni veniunt, in quibus discipulus vera simplicia tantum disciplinae discit, ita ut, octo annis scholae confectis, scholam majorem quattuor alios annos frequentare debeat; quibus annis confectis, omnia studia abjicere cupit.

Stupor autem eum defigit cum, majore schola perfecta, litteras, quae a consiliario collegii sunt exspectatae, in loco tabellario invenit. Hujus campi picturae speciosae sunt; feminae sunt pulchriores quam aliquis alibi umquam vidit; collegium optime collocatur, quia omnibus fere urbibus adjacet; postremoque cibus melior est quam qui alibi inveniri potest.

Sic deceptus, hunc paradisum frequentare et disciplinam majorem exercere constituit. Priusquam autem ad collegium venire potest, diversis quaestionibus eum respondere oportet, quarum una postulat cur hoc collegium frequentet. "Sane," respondet, "ut diversos ludos ludam, ut pulcherri-
mis feminis obviu fiam, ut nomen in "Quis Est Quis" habeam, ut multam pecuniam adipisci discam."

Sic, amice, cernas quomodo et qua de causa plerique pueri ad collegium veniant. Omnes autem qui collegium frequentant multas certe ambitiones habent; et primus est appetitus juvenalis athletae clarissimi faciendi. Quid enim majus esse potest quam ab omnibus in campo videri, quam ab opposito lusore dejici, quam brachium vel cervicem fractam habere—haec quidem signa viri fortissimi sunt! Plane, aliquem, ut ludat, nota bona habere oportet; pro-

fessores autem intelligunt celebrem lusorem esse aliquando mediocrem discipulum; ergo, operam dant ut maneat. Quid vero est vita in collegio nisi unus ludus grandis?

Altera est contentio discipuli ut celeriter discat quomodo multam pecuniam adipisci possit. Scit enim, ut vir magnae actoritatis sit, ut amicos validos habeat, ut vitam jucunde agat, atque ut conjugem ducat, se debere pecuniam multam habere. Studendi autem cupidus non est, nam id nimium laborem requirit. Optimum vero studium est ars faciendi viminei (basket-weaving), nam, quamquam usum manuum, nullum autem usum cerebri postulat. Quadrennio post, discipulus ardens summa cum laude in artibus viminei ad gradum admittetur; et in mundum ibit ad cumulos pecuniae faciendos.

Vita autem in collegio non semper studio ac labore consumitur, pleraque enim alia sunt ad mentem discipuli vehementis occupandam. Exempli gratia, saltationes sunt intermixtae (mixers), quas sine dubio omnes anxii expectant. Causa hujus hospitii est pueros ad puellas deducere et salutarem rationem amoris sustinere. Haec omnia per se bona esse possunt; sed mihi persuadetur ut fortasse et Ovidius ita non opinatus sit. Et facile crederes nonnullos discipulos cum eo omnino consentire.

Sed semel atque iterum his singularibus occasionibus pecuniam habere necesse est. Interim, autem, nihil pecuniae studenti est, cum, dona puellae emendo, creditumque solvendo, omnem pecuniam sumpserit; ita necessarium est ei pecuniam a parentibus petere. Causa plane petendi est ut nova calceamenta emat—brevis tempore homo mox peritus fit simulationum ejusmodi.

Spiritua autem miserum puerum deficit ubi feminas handquaquam pulcherrimas esse invenit; re ipsa aliquid eis simile antea alibi numquam vidit.

Collegium attamen alias avocationes habet ad animi attentionem discipuli averte-
tendam, quae sunt sodalitates diversae. Perscrutare primo sodalitatem poeticam, quae omni mense apud domum professoris cujusdam convenit. Quae res sane simulatio est, vera enim ratio est conventum cerevisiae bibendae (beer-party) habere. At noli timere, aliae sodalitates sunt quae meliora studia exercent; et, pro bono labore ac contentionibus, hae sunt laudandae.

Iterum, vita in collegio difficultates sane habet, quarum maxima est bona nota obtinere. Ut antea dictum est, athletae nihil difficultatum habent, sed plerique discipuli athletae non sunt et de his tractabimus. Quo difficultates discipuli mediocris facilius intellegamus, unum tantum studium ejus persequimur - id est, scientiam rerum civilium. Nemini scientia haec placet, nisi sane magistro animoso. Maxime de gentibus humanitateque antiquitatis disserit; quae autem gentes, si hodie viverent, rebus de se dictis stuperent. Magister vero intrepidus est, quo absurdiora enim opera assignare potest eo contentior est. Re ipsa, extremo anno scholastico perfecto, opera in librum fieri possunt, quod ab nonnullis discipulis studiosis factum est. Ad unum tan-

tum opus perficiendum, necesse est discipulo menses multos ardui laboris mentis summere. Cum autem ei opusculum redditur, rursus magister eum defectum putavit (flunked).

Jam cernas, bone lector, cun tam difficilimum sit nota bona obtinere et qua de causa permulti discipuli sibi mortem consciscant—vel stipendia in exercitu mereantur. Haec in omni collegio orbis terrarum geruntur, et aliquid providendum est ut finis huic fatuitati imponatur, quae sine dubio florem juvenum nostrorum proster-
nit.

Jam aliquid de vita in collegio legisti quod tibi fideliter demonstravi. Quamquam omnes ambitiones numquam sensi quas discipuli habent, tamen, cum et ego in collegio sim, studentes mihi confisi sunt—ut observationes meae portendunt. Rursus, mihi confitendum est me numquam saltationes intermixtas frequentasse, sed traditur eas anxie expectari et, si ita dicere licet, omnes delectare. Quod ad sodalitates attinet—quis potu aliquando frui non potest, maxime magistri fessi? Meminisse etiam debes meipsum unum annum dissipavisse istius disciplinae, id est, scientiae rerum civilium.

Et, nunc eo gratias ago quod, posteritatis humanitatisque beneficio, hoc opusculum scribere potui, cui strictim, accurate, omnino credendum est.

E. A. Robinson and *Isolt Of Brittany*

FRANCIS J. MOLSON

Edwin Arlington Robinson unhappily was born too late. Born with a temperament Emersonian and idealistic, he lived during the years when the cult of the great cow, science, and free thought, hand in hand wrought great damage to traditional thinking and rational disciplines everywhere, and especially in his native New England. Consequently, he became a man whose mind and heart were at odds. Distrusting philosophy and overlooking its importance in relegating science to its proper place, he failed to find a faith able to sustain him. His faith was like that of most men he knew "whose faith, when they are driven to think of it, is mostly doubts and fears."

Like his own Miniver Cheevy, "he thought and thought and thought and thought about it," but with no apparent results. All thinking, including the thinking involved in science, starts from unproved assumptions, but Robinson could assume nothing, not even the reality of his own experience. All he would confidently assert was that if the world was really constituted as modern knowledge said it was, then life was not worth while. In the inhuman world he thought he found himself, he could not find a way to keep his aspirations untarnished. He came to suffer from a sense of discouragement so profound he would neither express nor repress it. The more he struggled to seek an answer, the more bewildered he became. All of his mental turmoil was reflected in his poetry. So much of his longer narrative poetry was

frequently thin and verbose, unconvincing and even tedious because of ultimate matters. Finally, like Hawthorne, his artistic powers were stunted, and his poetry was degraded to pages of pseudo-philosophic drivel, not only wretched poetry, but even bad prose.

In *Tristram*, his most popular work, appears *Isolt of Brittany*, whose characterization was greatly influenced by Robinson's bewilderment. In the poem, he makes use of the *Tristram* legend and depicts the love of two women for *Tristram*. One is a down-to-earth passionate woman; the other, a spiritual one. In treating of the former, Robinson presents *Tristram* and *Isolt of Cornwall*, evidently very much in love, discussing for pages what is love. Nevertheless, he cannot even come to a conclusion about carnal love. Imagine what happens when he attempts a description of the latter's love. He cannot even begin to penetrate the mystery. He stands aside in awe and reverence, for her love is spiritual. Luckily, Robinson had the good grace to realize *Isolt* and her love were something out of the scope of his experience. The science he looked to for answers obviously could not provide the means by which he could cope with such a love. Struck inarticulate by the loftiness of his own creation, he could merely hint and suggest. Thus, the portrayal of *Isolt* is somewhat impressionistic. So little of the physical *Isolt* do we know—large grey eyes, white hands, and sun-touched hair which "had no color that was a name." When one finishes *Tris-*

tram, Isolt of Brittany lingers as a mood, an attempt to materialize an ideal. Perhaps a more definite discription of her can be suggested, if her delineation is contrasted with that of Isolt of Cornwall. The latter's is one of fire, earthliness, and passion. Isolt of Brittany, then, in contrast, appears ghostlike. Is it of design? As I said above, because Robinson felt that Isolt of Brittany's love was of a higher nature and more admirable, the transference of his expression of this feeling into reality through the medium of words breaks down. The result is hazy.

As one of Robinson's critics claims, his major concerns in his poetry are forms of human failures: the failure resulting from excessive idealism, a naivete that is almost pathetic in its innocence, and the modification of the spirit by experience. Nowhere in his list of characters is there a better example of the combination of these concerns than in Isolt of Brittany. Isolt's failure stems from the fact that her idealism and intuitive wisdom did not steel her when she faced raw life face to face. Even Tristram realized this when he said:

Little you know, my child,
What ashes of all this wisdom might be left you
After one blast of sick reality . . .

He again showed his awareness of her naivete and innocence when

He fostered in his heart a tenderness
Unrecognized for more than a kind fear
For what imaginable small white pawn
Her candor and her flame-white loveliness
Could yet become for the cold game of kings,
Who might not always, if they would, play quite
Their game as others do.

Although there was in her that necessity that life imposes upon the individual to release into the external world the spiritual forces which experience kindles in the mind and the emotions, Isolt failed, too, because she was unable to transfer her experiences

successfully to our world.

At the first departure of Tristram, Isolt became a woman. This change only intensified her difference from other people. Even King Howell, her father, thought:

A changeling down from one of the White
Stars were more like her than child of mine.

Speaking of his daughter to Tristram, he said:

You have a child that was a woman
Before she was a child, and is today
Woman and child, and something not of either,
For you to keep or crush—without a sound
Of pain from her to tell you so.

Howell desired to teach her wisdom. In declining his offer, Isolt said:

I have been told so much about this world,
That I have wondered why men stay in it.

And later:

Wisdom was never learned at any knees,
Not even a father's, and that father a king.

Moreover, Isolt was aware that she was of another world. Like Gawain, she too realized that she had eyes

That almost weep for grief, seeing from
heaven
How trivial and how tragic a small place
This earth is, and so make a sort of heaven
Where they are seen.

Although Isolt possessed all human perfections, like a soul that reaches its full powers only upon entering a body, she needed someone earthly to become whole and united. She needed Tristram—he himself saw her white need for him—so that by loving him, by cherishing him, and by saving him, she could achieve fulfillment. Thus all her being craved Tristram. Can we not say that, if Tristram had loved Isolt, her life, until then so alien to this earth, would have found full expression? Everyone around her realized how great were her capacity and need for love. But that realization was nullified by their inability to

do anything about it. They stood about in awe and could only pity and sympathize with her. Love her and be loved by her as she needed to love and be loved they could not.

Only in her dreams did Isolt achieve happiness. Finally, by her dreams alone, did she live, forever dreaming that Tristram would come back to her, forever dreaming that she could save him. She herself said:

I am not one
Who must have everything, yet I must have
My dreams if I must live;

And later:

I would have been the world
And heaven to Tristram, and was nothing to
him;
And that was why the night came down so dark
On me when Tristram died.

From the beginning, Isolt associated herself with that type of woman "whose punishment for being a woman was to believe and wait." As that final wisdom and cold

reality sank down upon her, she sat worn out with toil and swept away into defeat because she could not control her experience of love. Though defeated, Isolt knew where Tristram was, whenever tears brought no sleep, and the wash of the waves of Brittany said unceasingly to her: "Tristram—Tristram." She would die, she knew, of a broken heart, because, in words almost prosaic in their grief and ascending finally to pure poetry:

He had been all,
And would be always all there was for her,
And he had not come back to her alive,
Not even to go again. It was like that
For women sometimes, and might be so too
often
For women like her. She hoped there were
not many
Of them, or many of them to be, not knowing
More about that than about waves and foam,
And white birds everywhere, flying, and flying;
Alone, with her white face, and her grey eyes,
She watched them there till even her thoughts
were white,
And there was nothing alive but white birds
flying.
Flying, and always flying, and still flying,
And the white sunlight flashing on the sea.

The Wall

EDMUND F. BYRNE

With a slender rod held tightly in my hand, I stood like Joshua before a great wall which soared so high into the air that the sun could hardly overreach its ragged edge. Only a few scattered rays had sidled over and thrown themselves to the broad savannah upon which I was standing. But from those few faint glimmerings I gathered enough courage to step up to the side of the wall and tap it with my little rod. The wall quivered slightly, but remained firm. I tapped it again, and again it quivered. Then, heartened, I strove to scale the barricade . . . but I failed.

I lifted my eyes to the heavens, stretched my arms out wide, and gazed helplessly, expectantly, into the sky. And suddenly, as if in answer, from out of the foamy clouds which tossed and turned above me, there came a radiant light. It pushed the puffs of white aside and sent its awesome glow to earth. Then through this effulgent gap in the heavens there descended a bright, metallic object which slowly, gradually took form before my eyes as it came nearer and nearer to the place where I was standing. It was a piece of armor . . . finely executed . . . polished to an amazing brightness. It was a silver breast-plate. Hovering over my head for a moment, it then settled upon my shoulders and clasped itself tightly to my loins. The light in the skies diffused and faded into nothingness.

I shook myself, and the breastplate rubbed against my sides. It was real. Rejoicing in this excellent armor, I rushed to the wall and quickly scaled its rough facade, stopping only when both my knees were resting on its top.

Then I tapped my rod upon a platform rock and it shattered into a million pieces. I fell back in terror, frightened by my sudden power. But then I felt the silver plating over my breast. I leaned forward once again and struck the rod upon another stone. It too crumbled, and I grew in courage. I struck another rock, and another, and another . . . and each fell into fragments which dropped like snowflakes to the ground below. And with each rock thus destroyed more sunlight shone out upon the savannah, and my heart grew ever stronger. Again and again I struck my rod upon the stones, faster and faster, more gleefully all the time. Soon I was nearly fanatical with delight as I watched the mighty wall shatter and disintegrate beneath the power of my puny rod. It was almost as if that wall were piece by piece casting itself to the ground.

Time went on. I kept swinging my rod with great rapidity. The savannah brightened, and the wall went down and down. I was laughing uncontrollably as I wielded my tiny rod.

But then, at the peak of my delight, the sun went down, and all was dark. I started, and looked about me for a light—somewhere, anywhere—but there was none. The sun had set. The sky was dark. The savannah was dark. The wall was dark . . . but the wall was now partially destroyed.

I smiled as I viewed the destruction which I had already caused. I put the rod in my pocket and fondly patted my breastplate. Then I turned, clambered down the degenerate wall, and dashed merrily out

upon the sprawling savannah, deliriously happy, drunk with a joy that swelled my very being.

Alone, far out in the grass, I stopped, looked up to the stars, sighed contentedly, then lay down and fell asleep, content in

the knowledge that I would be awakened by the warm caresses of the morning sun, casting its golden rays out upon the savannah over the broken and battered remnants of the great wall of which I was now the master.

We

EDWARD J. SICKEL

*We the Materialists—
Yes, we the Materialists,
We with our goods of the world
Our goods of nothingness—
And of sinfulness:*

*What are we to the islander?—
He with little,
With little of this world of the material—
He with but one thing—
With Him!*

*What have we—
We with our pleasures,
We with our baubles of the world—
What have we, then, we Materialists,
Without Him?*

*We are the empty,
We are the lonely—
We with our denial
Of Him and of all we cannot touch—
Yes, we—the Materialists!*

Disenchantment

FRANCIS J. MOLSON

Bill said a hasty prayer and hoisted himself into bed. He stretched luxuriously and let his bare skin enjoy for the last time the rough texture of the sheet. He rolled his body snugly into the hollow continual usage had fashioned from the mattress. His toes caressed the cross bars at the foot of the bed, and with his fists he pommelled the pillow into a closer fit. With a final yawn he settled down. His eyes glanced over the dorm and he thought of his friends.

There was Tom next to him—his desk partner, lazy and indolent. Over in the corner knelt Andy. He had a lot to pray for. His sister had written him that she intended to marry a divorcee. Andy probably was praying that somehow this sorrow could be cushioned for his parents whose sun, it was said, rose and set on his sister's head. Asleep in his bed lay Jim, that inevitable, insouciant smile still on his face. He and the world were on the best of terms. Harry's bed was next to Jim's. The class pitied Harry. If anyone had that quality the French call *naivete'*, it was Harry. It was a commonly held opinion in the class that if those sex-starved, spinsters prevalent in every parish were let loose around Harry his private microcosm would crumble into a life spent in cursing heaven and demanding from everyone why someone didn't tell him the facts of life. And that's why Bill was leaving the seminary. Someone had told him or, at least, he thought someone had. Breathing heavily, he fell asleep.

In the morning Bill awoke at the first clang of the bell. He went through the preparatory duties mechanically, for his heart wasn't in them. It was out somewhere re-

veling in a long hoped for freedom. It was skipping over fields and around barns and peeping through curtained windows into households, the secrets of which were so long denied to it. Though his sensibilities, for a time squelched into lethargy, in expectation responded to the freshness of the morning, his half whispered whistle rivaled that of the birds in tunefulness as he went over to the chapel and mass. There before his Creator Bill could muster no more of a prayer than a skimpy apology to Him for his inattention.

Breakfast was inordinately slow and the daily exhortation, unbearable. It concerned religious temperance, but Bill's mind kept returning to the books in his desk and he wasn't ashamed. While the class dissected tomes on spiritual life, he had spent the last few days enjoying the hopelessly romantic romances of McCutcheon and the perennial charm of *Lorna Doone*. The books weren't very spiritual but Bill appreciated their effectiveness in bringing about the state of mind he desired. At the conclusion of the hour long talk he waited until the last boy left before clearing out his desk.

Down in the locker room the packing went slowly. A few refused to believe he was leaving and bothered him; these he had to reassure. Finally even they realized he was going, and no one said anything when Bill snapped shut his suitcase. The few things, given with an unabashedly sentimental gesture as farewell memos, lay unclaimed. He cleared his throat nervously and went out to a waiting car. Some one carried out the bags for him and placed them in the car. Bill turned to say goodbye. He shook hands with his friends, and all

they wished him was a "good luck" or a "be good." There was no sentiment and he was vaguely disappointed. He didn't know whether he expected a tear or two or a small band playing a melancholy serenade. While his car drove away, his friends all stood not saying a word. They waved at him as he stepped into the car and it pulled away.

In the car Bill thought how casual a thing it was to say goodbye forever after growing up and living with a group of boys for five years. Taking all the knocks together, making the same friends and enemies together, experiencing the pangs of adolescence without a mother or a father, and now to leave all this behind with a handshake and a smile. He had often imagined how he would leave. Would he slip away some night when all were asleep and the next morning see him free and gone? Or would he depart and leave behind a class downcast and sad? Now he was leaving like this. He shrugged his shoulders and settled back in anticipation of the great adventure.

Father Malloy, Bill's vice-rector drove him to the nearest bus stop. They were out on the highway and Bill thought how a highway had seemed magical—a long, narrow strip leading from the walls of sacrifice to the land of pleasurable things. He was on that road now and he smiled.

Father Malloy asked, "Are you satisfied with what you have done?"

"Oh yes, Father. Very much satisfied. I've been thinking about this for a year and a half. Don't worry. I know what I'm doing." He laughed, fully enjoying the sense of liberty.

The priest looked at him and deliberately said, "Don't ever regret what you have done. I presume you spent some time in think about this? You have weighed all sides of the question?"

"I won't regret it; I know what I'm get-

ting into. Now don't go on telling me, Father, little fables about people who made mistakes in leaving or regretting their departure." Bill smiled at the priest and asked him if he could turn on the radio. The priest said "yes" and after a few seconds Bill tuned in a disk jockey show.

"I repeat," the priest said. "Don't ever regret leaving. Don't interrupt me. Regardless of how tough it gets and your wife—I suppose you'll get married? Good—your wife is provoking and your job is becoming deadening, don't ever renege on the promise you made yourself. And remember someone's always willing to help you."

"Sure Father, sure. I'll remember." They sat in silence and listened to a song:

"So long, darling, here's goodbye to you.

Now the game is over; I mean it too.

I don't want you cause you're not true.

You did me wrong, So . . . so so . . . so long."

It was over, but no one said a word for a moment. The priest murmured, "The game is over . . . want you 'cause you're not true." He smiled a very wise smile and turned to the boy. "I take it for granted you know better."

"Gads, you know me better than that, Father."

"I do, don't I. Well, we're here. You catch the bus at the corner." He looked at his watch. "In about fifteen minutes it'll be here." He shook hands with Bill and said, "So long, Bill, lots of luck and God bless you."

The priest waved and was off. Bill watched the car until it disappeared behind a clump of trees around a curve. The last tangible attachment to his past was vanishing before him. All that was left was the tremendous imprint those years in the seminary stamped upon his life and a few

friendships that would gradually dwindle to an occasional letter and the annual Christmas card.

He walked back to his suitcases, sat down on one of them, and waited for the bus. He was sitting near the local crossroads. Down one of those roads he hiked two days ago. The day supposedly was a holiday because the road was frequented by roadsters filled with festive tennagers. The cars sped by, and the occupants didn't even wave. Bill remembered how compellingly the urge had come over him to wave the cars down and to tell those inside he was no longer one of the hiking group and that he wanted to be one of them racing up and down the highway and how this discontent had been gnawing at his peace of mind for months. He hadn't done this, but only trudged on and listened to one of his classmates harangue those around him about the present highschool generation. Bill hadn't trusted himself to speak but had only remarked how incongruous it was for someone who never attended a high school out in the world to speak so dogmatically on conditions and mores of the high school group.

Fifteen minutes to the second after Bill had alighted from the car the bus came. No swirl of dust heralded its approach but only the hum of rubber tires on hot macadam. The bus stopped. The driver stepped out and helped stow away the baggage. Bill entered the bus and to his glee found out the driver was new on the route and didn't know the correct fare. They haggled some minutes, and with the help of a few regular passengers they decided on a price. Bill paid and looked for an empty seat. An elderly man up front asked him if he would please sit with him.

"Sure," Bill said.

After they had exchanged the particulars of introducing each other, the elderly man cornered the talk and began to expand

favorably on the local scenery. All that Bill was permitted was a "You don't say" or a "I never knew that" or, perhaps a "Remarkable, I would never have noticed it" in confirmation. Actually he didn't. What was more important was the presence of two girls a few seats away. Despite a glance at them when he had passed he was unable to recall their features. Anticipating a closer scrutiny, he let his imagination conjure up two exciting faces and hoped the girls at least could approximate them. He had just about decided to leave the garrulous old gentleman and introduce himself when the bus stopped. The girls were among those leaving. They arose giggling and stepped to the door. Bill waited. They turned and saying something to the driver, laughed and stepped down. As the bus inched away from the curb, Bill stared at the girls. They stood on the corner, looked into the bus directly at him, and laughed. He blushed and, disconcerted, averted his gaze.

The classic face he had hoped for was a squat one. The hair he had insisted should be of a color unknown even to the poets was a yellowish tint, like corn. A fiery red etched and filled in lips he had likened to the chaste and cool red of sunset. The eyes that laughed at him were not the demure eyes he was told always were lady-like. These were alive, vibrant, and mundane. The naturalness of the girls' faces refused to conform to his rules. "It wasn't right," he thought. "It was confusing. This wasn't the way girls were supposed to look."

He began to mull over it when he noticed the old man was trying to gain his attention.

"What did you say," Bill asked apologetically.

"Why didn't you speak to them? I was waiting and so were they. Such a nice looking boy like you. I expected more from you." He added this with a gesture of annoyance.

"Me?" Bill stammered. "To them?" He grinned lamely. "Well, I was considering it but . . ." There was no sense, Bill realized, in telling the old man what a come down he had experienced. "But," he went on, "time ran out."

The old man shook his head. "Too bad. They were such a nice looking pair. And did you notice that one's figure? Humm." He nudged Bill. "I see you did by that blush. Young fella, don't be bashful. Why, when I was young, I was a regular hell-cat."

And he began a narration of escapades with all the gusto of a picaresque hero. It wasn't that what the old man said was vulgar or filthy. It was that he spoke so triflingly, with an air of studied superficiality, on something Bill idealized. Bill sat numbed and relief came only when the old man's stop was reached.

"Well, time to get off," he said. He grabbed Bill's hand, wrung it, assured him it was a pleasure to talk to such an interested audience, wished him luck in his journey, and was gone.

While Bill was being subjected to the old man's garrulousness, he had failed to notice the bus was gradually unloading. Now, just the driver and Bill were left. As the bus lumbered on through the countryside, it began to drizzle. Striking the glass in a regular pattern, the rain drops focused Bill's attention, and his mind, lulled by the rain, wandered away. He was soon asleep. He was awakened by the driver some forty minutes later. He jerked to attention and, gazing out the window, realized he was at Ironton. The rain still came down in a steady drizzle. Although he knew he had to get out, it was with the greatest regret that he snatched his bags and swayed to the door. With a brusque "thanks" to the driver he swung down and sprinted as best he could for the nearest cover. There he inquired as to the where-

abouts of the depot. He had heard a train whistle but in the rain and wind that had suddenly arisen its origin was vague. He found out where the depot was. Since he was loathe to brave the rain, he waited inside. He had only twenty-five minutes to make the train. Luckily after some ten minutes the rain let up. He took his bags and with a light heart set out for the station.

Bill was glad there was such a thing as a brisk walk in a town newly cleansed by a spring down pour. The heavy bags did not even bother him as he stopped over puddles or dodged scraps of paper blown his way by the wind. The sprinkling he received from the shook branches as he passed under them was strangely exhilarating. He even could tolerate the silly advertisements leering at him from shop window or bill board. At the sight of the children already playing in the rain puddles by the depot a novel sense almost paternal came over him. Bill instantly recalled that day when something similar had happened. He had heard children somewhere calling, "Mama . . . Papa" and the urge to be a father took hold of him. He had cried then from the sheer joy of experiencing the father-feeling. It was like that now, only stronger. He distinctly felt how it would be to father children, to be waited for everyday, to see the smile on his wife and children's faces, and to realize what he was doing was pleasing.

A whistle interrupted Bill's reverie, and he hastened to purchase his ticket. The train ground to a stop. He was aboard in a matter of seconds and settled down for the short jaunt to Crestline. The next ten minutes found the train out of the town and into the country. The sun broke through the overcast. He noticed a clump of trees out in the distance was swathed in a sparkling haze. As the train approached the clump, he saw its beauty was almost unbelievable; and he had to ramsack his brain

for a piece of poetry or any line or two of something to express the splendor. Lines from Tennyson and Lowell just paled beside the obvious beauty of the scene. His heart full of gladness, Bill was reassured and regained his confidence in his confidence in his long cherished dream. Even the disappointment he had felt in the bus wasn't so sharp now. He reconsidered his scheme. Any young girl in Crestline would be fine. All he had to do was ascertain whether he was able to begin anew where he had left off five years ago.

Bill glanced out the window as the train moved into its first stop on its route to Crestline. Clinton was a hamlet tucked away in the lap of a valley reminiscent of fairy tales. Its main street was lined with elms and dotted with lilac bunches. Few were about; Bill remembered, however, that the time was past when the village elders congregated to meet the daily express. The only thing of interest was a young couple embracing—a soldier and his girl. Bill watched and felt with them. The soldier kissed the girl, abruptly turned, and sprinted for the train. The young girl stood there. She must have seen him, then, at one of the windows for she took a faltering step forward. She stepped back, however, and was motionless. Her lips whimpered but there were no tears. While the train was pulling out, Bill glanced back at the girl. She did not wave; she did not cry. Though Bill was elated, he felt a tinge of irritation. "Why didn't she cry?" he demanded. "That's the way it always was. Didn't she know tears were the touch of artistry in every farewell?" He was piqued.

Too many futile stops were delaying the train. The one or two passengers who stepped on or off hardly were worth the three minutes rest, the coal and muscle it took to stop the train and set it in motion again. The hamlets passed were all alike—the same miasma of quiet and content virtually

clung to the towns. The more farewells along the way Bill witnessed, the more impatient he became. Vicarious thrills were sufficient for the seminary but now only the actual experience could suffice. Soon, he thought, Crestline would provide an opportunity. Warmed by the expected pleasure he dozed off.

He awoke and looking out, recognized Crestline's approach. The usual houses, a turgid stream, and the junk yard with the same old blue Essex were a familiar sight. He wondered who had ever sat in that car. "Where they young and good-looking?" he asked himself, "Did they make love to each other? Had they hated, loved, despised, and envied the same things I did?"

He got off at the depot and checked his bags. He stepped into the street. The sun as yet had not broken the overcast. Moreover Crestline was undergoing periodic sprinkles. Bill walked out into the tail end of one and sauntered off. The rain was cool and tingling on his face. The street was again filling with shoppers, office girls, and strollers. He made his way down the main avenue, seeking a place to catch something to drink and to attempt his plan. There was a shop across the street—the *Brown Jug*—and he headed for it. It struck him that every town had a Brown Jug or something like it. There teenagers could be found. Approaching the shop, Bill couldn't see through the plate glass streaked with dirt and painted over with a brown jug, so he was forced to enter immediately. He was right; teenagers did hang out here. A brash, confident look was about the whole place. All the booths exhibited, scratched in the paint, the aches and pains in the embryonic love life of Joes and Janes, Bobs and Marthas. This was the fifth time Bill had stepped off in Crestline but never had he tried anything like this. He felt like some animal discarding his winter skin. He

wished he too could remove his five year acquired skin; however, he realized he would carry it with him forever. He only hoped the girl behind the soda bar wouldn't ferret out his past identity, though he was certain his past career was obvious. He walked over to the least revealing booth and slid into it. He waited.

The girl was talking to a tall, scrawny boy, a big C on his sweater proclaiming its wearer belonged to the species—high school athlete. Nervously Bill traced with his finger one of the designs carved in the table top and mentally recited what he was going to say to the waitress. For upon her had fallen the mantle of Bill's choice. With a shock he realized he had spelled out *Bill Loves Betty*. "Betty?" he thought. "What Betty do I know? I don't love any Betty. What does she look like?" he asked himself and then with a laugh he realized the *Bill* carved in the table top wasn't he. Why should he care about Betty? He laughed again and looked up. The waitress was standing by him and saying something about the table.

"What did you say?" Bill asked, blushing.

"I said: 'Don't mind the table top. We always mark 'em up'"

"Why, why should I mind?" he sputtered.

"You must be new, fella." She grinned.

"Some people can't stand to see tables marked up and you looked like one."

"Oh." The conversation wasn't going as Bill had planned. He should have done the leading, not the girl. At least that's the way it was five years ago.

"I look new?" he began anew.

"Sure. I know most everyone around here and I've never seen you around." She was smiling. "And what do you want?"

"Oh, anything . . . a coke . . . a . . . but . . . wait, is there anything else different about me?"

She looked at him, her arms akimbo. "Well . . ." she began. The tall boy en-

tered and she stopped short. "How should I know," she said and walked away. She made his drink. Bringing it over to Bill, she placed it down and left without a word. She went over to the tall athlete and put her arm around him. He was paging through a magazine; the kind, Bill saw, that would bring blushes to any decent girl's face. The tall boy pointed at a picture and the girl laughed. She jerked the magazine away and pulled him towards the juke box. He dropped a coin in and they began to dance. Fascinated, Bill followed with his eyes the dancers. He could not quite pigeon hole this dancing. It was unusual and too close for flirting teen agers. The couple came past Bill's booth. The girl stopped and said to him. "Say, fella, how about dancing?"

"No thanks." She resumed dancing.

What Bill wanted to do was ask her, "Dance? dance like that?" A second record began. The tempo of the dancing perked up. The girl kept looking at Bill. He didn't dare hold her gaze; hers was foreign to his experience. Five years ago a girl had never looked at him like that. Slowly he began to see what had happened. Time had moved on—the old man and the girls on the bus, the couples saying goodbye, and this couple had moved, too. But he had remained fixed. Something, perhaps a five year old memory, had told him repeatedly how easily he would take up again where he had left off. There was now all the difference in the world—the difference between innocence and guilt, childhood and adulthood. He understood, too, why his classmates were so cold. They had sensed he was no different from Harry. Basically both were uninformed. The girl kept beckoning to him.

"Come on, fella," she laughed. "Let's dance."

"No, not just now." Bill was becoming panic stricken.

She grabbed his arm and tugged. She was laughing. It was all fun to her. He pushed her away, lurched to his feet, and ran for the door. He wanted to tell her he was all mixed up, that things he believed in, things he thought he was studying to defend, no longer seemed valid, but all he could do was shout, "Go away you . . . you Jezebel!"

He opened the door. The tall boy said, "Hey, buddy, what about that drink?"

Bill turned back. He realized how necessary it was for the girl to understand him, to see she was a part of his shrine—the shrine at which he had worshipped for so long; the shrine he had entered today for the first time and found defiled by the hands of the unfeeling and unromantic.

"You're really no Jezebel," he started to say but the music of the juke box drowned out his words. Bill threw a quarter on one

of the tables and lunged through the door. He could hear laughter behind him and then the door slammed.

Out on the street Bill walked briskly towards the station. He heard the whistle of the train and hurried. The last lap of the unfolding of a new life was at hand. He began to sense how commonplace and tawdry that new life could be—a girl was just a person like him in a lot of ways, who wanted the same things he did and every girl was a female before she was a woman . . . some didn't make the progression; love wasn't a grand gesture of eternal feeling, but a daily struggle to give self and not take for self; it was heroic to live life and the easy way out was to exist in spite of it—He didn't like these thoughts; they were unglamorous, too dull for him.

He waited at the station and wondered why he had wanted to leave the seminary.

When we talk about the clear presentation of Catholic social doctrine, we ought not to think merely of learned scientific and theological works. Christian social doctrine implies also all those subtle truths which can be adequately communicated only through artistic forms. A Fra Angelico or a Dante expressed the mind of medieval Christianity no less truly than a Saint Thomas or Bonaventure. Chartes cathedral is no less a monument to the thirteenth century than the Summa Theologica. It is therefore extremely important that the mind of the Church should be reflected in a truly Christian art and literature.

Father Furfey, FIRE ON THE EARTH

Book Reviews

THE MAN ON A DONKEY. by H. F. M. Prescott. Macmillan Co. 1952.

Readers of modern historical novels, accustomed to heroines in décolletage, lusty heroes, and lengthy descriptions of amorous antics, will have to look twice before identifying *The Man on a Donkey*. This book represents the true historical novel—not mere fiction with a vague factual basis, but fiction carefully interwoven with history to make a fascinating story. The author gives a picture of life and people in one of the most colorful and controversial periods of history rarely found in novels of today.

The story takes place in Tudor England between the years 1509 to 1537 and revolves around the actions of King Henry VIII in his desertion of the Church and expropriation of Church property, with the resulting rebellion of Northern England. It is presented in the form of a chronicle encompassing the day by day life of the main characters, who represent the various classes of the period.

The novel is essentially a story of five persons. Lord Thomas Darcy, a nobleman of integrity and Christabel Cowper, worldly prioress of Marrick Convent are historical characters. Robin Aske, a squire who leads the rebellion in the North, has some historical basis but the author has given him a character of her own making. Julian Savage, who loves Robin, and Gilbert Dawe, a self-tortured fallen priest are entirely fictional. The titular character is Christ, as seen in a vision by Malle, the feebleminded serving woman.

The novel is comparable to a tapestry, with the main characters standing out in bold relief against a brilliant panorama of the period. The focal point, such as it ex-

ists, is the Pilgrimage of Grece, as the Northmen was called, and each character is shown as an individual while all are eventually brought together by this common band. The chronological structure of the novel enables Miss Prescott to recount both significant and ordinary matters in everyday life and thus characterize her people fully while building a vivid background.

The work is obviously the result of a tremendous amount of research, and therein lies its chief fault, if such a thing may be called a fault. Miss Prescott has such a passion for detail that she seems loath to leave out anything which she may have come across in her research. Although this makes for a rather complete picture of the period, it also causes the story to drag at times, unless the reader has an unusual interest in sixteenth-century life in England. A certain amount of background material fails to justify its existence by a sufficient contribution to the story. Also, in a few instances, the background tends to become so brilliant that it overshadows the main characters.

The title of the book seems to indicate some sort of a mystical level, centering on the apparition of Christ as seen by Malle, the serving woman. This level, however, is not discernible to the ordinary reader and does permeate the story as a whole, as it was seemingly intended to do. Possibly this is due again to the emphasis on historical detail. The vision of Christ strikes this reader as being more in the nature of another event in the story, which, though important, is not particularly different from any other event.

It must be remembered that all of these criticisms are relatively minor and are not

meant to detract from the essential greatness of the novel. Miss Prescott has taken a worthy theme and treated it with a sweep and a breadth uncommon in contemporary historical novels. She has a beautiful, flaming style, one feature of which is the effective use of occasional archaic expressions. The length of the book is a formidable obstacle to the casual reader. It is a serious piece of scholarship, and to anyone who takes the effort to read it, this novel is as rewarding as it is unusual.

JAMES J. MURPHY

A LIFE OF CHRIST. By Aloys Dirksen, C.P.P.S.. The Dryden Press, 1952.

If a person should need a completely scientific and factual life of Christ for research work, Father Dirksen's book, *A Life of Christ* probably would not be the best choice. Likewise, if one needs an inspirational book to be used for meditative reading, this book would fall short.

The principal reason for its seeming failure along these lines is simply that it is not meant to be either wholly factual or inspirational: this book was written primarily for use as a college textbook. As a result, inspirational material is not greatly stressed, although no life of Christ could possibly be completely devoid of it. Nor was this text meant to be solely factual, since it is apparent that no man could cover the story of Christ's period on earth in a book as small as Fr. Dirksen's. What, then, were the author's aims in writing this book?

In his own words, the textbook was written "to let the Gospels speak directly to the student; to give the teacher free range in directing the student in his study of Christ's life; and to supply enough background material and explanatory comments to enable the student to understand Christ's life as the Gospels present it."

In order "to let the Gospels speak di-

rectly to the student," Fr. Dirksen chose the most direct method: in the remarkably designed "Dutch Dood" printing arrangement, he was able to include the complete Confraternity version of the Gospels. In this method of publishing, the pages are printed and then cut into two separate parts, so that each may be used or read independently of the other. In this book the Gospels form the upper section of the text.

The lower section of the book contains the "background material and explanatory comments." In the first eight chapters, Fr. Dirksen has done a remarkable job of condensing and arranging much heterogeneous information concerning the Jewish people. He includes a brief chapter concerning the history of the Bible, including a discussion of the merits of the various Biblical translations, their sources, and the proper interpretation. In subsequent chapters the author succeeds in including interestingly and summarily material which often fills whole books—the topography, geographic location of the districts of the Holy Land, and the climate, all of which he shows have a definite connection with the life of Christ and affect Christ's ministry. There seems to be one outstanding omission in regard to the geographic section: no map was included anywhere in the book. Fr. Dirksen gives excellent locations in the text, but a map would surely simplify the whole matter.

Fr. Dirksen also gives a concise history of the Jewish race and religion from the Patriarchal age, through the Exile, up to the time of the Roman rule. Included also is a section relating to the political and spiritual hierarchy and government, of which an understanding is required in order to fully appreciate the numerous Biblical references to such groups.

The author explains and describes some of the religious rites and customs at the

time of Christ, and gives a thorough discussion of the Jews' beliefs and false hopes concerning the coming Messias.

After these first eight chapters, the actual Gospel commentary begins. Instead of separately discussing each of the Synoptics and then St. John, Fr. Dirksen has managed to arrange this commentary so that it combines the parallel material from all four evangelists in chronological sections corresponding to periods in Christ's life.

In the Gospels themselves are references to parts of the commentary in the lower section of the book. Thus, by using these references, a reader finds not just the commentary for the Gospel he is reading, but also information about the parallel passages of the other evangelists. Here also the author gives attention to the seeming contradictions in the Gospels, and goes far in successfully explaining them.

In this latter area, Fr. Dirksen does not launch upon any prolonged technical study; he gives information that is pertinent, but does not try to exhaust the reader by exhausting the supply of facts on any given topic. In short, his commentary is quite in keeping with the overall objective of the book: to have as high a factual content as possible while still preserving a readable and interesting style.

All through the text the author emphasizes approximate Biblical dates, but in the back fly-leaf is an extremely useful chronological table of events from the Old Testament days of Abraham up to the death of the Apostle John.

This book would add much to any New Testament course, but its appeal is not limited to the classroom. The commentary is very readable and interesting in itself. In fact, it provides as much factual material about the life and times of ancient Palestine as is found in such popular Biblical novels as *The Silver Chalice*, *The Robe*, and *The Big Fisherman*. What is even better

about *A Life of Christ* is that it consistently includes the correct traditional Catholic interpretations of the material covered.

JOSEPH B. BARNETT

SAINT FRANCIS XAVIER. James Brodrick. New York: The Wicklow Press. 1952.

"Give souls, only souls, give to me." This, the motto of the greatest missionary spirit since Paul of Tarsus, rings throughout Fr. Brodrick's scholarly biography, a biography of the brightest star in the brilliant constellation of the Society of Jesus. All through the 252 pages of the work, the author gives a factual, precise, and unprejudiced account of the life of Francis Xavier, from his birth in Navarre, Spain, to his death in 1552 in the island of Sancion, a scant six miles from the land of his dreams, China. Between these two terminals lies a vivid story embodying in its pages numerous letters and other documents written by Francis himself, translated from the originals, which lay open to us the soul of a man burning with love for God and humankind.

The outstanding quality of the book, which sets it above most biographies of the saints, is the honesty and frankness with which Fr. Brodrick tells his story. We are not given only one side, the saint's side, as in most of the hagiography of Catholic writers. Instead Fr. Brodrick shows us a human saint, with faults to overcome and with imperfections that were part of him to the day he died. Thus we learn, for example, that Francis was quite incompetent in the Far Eastern languages, contrary to the views of more "pious" authors who attribute to him the gift of tongues. The important thing, however, as this writer points out, is that the saint used his many talents as best he could, and then trusted in God to supplement what he lacked.

The author gives proof for every miracle

or wonder which he relates; and when there is no proof for a supposed miracle dreamed up by some misty-eyed pseudo-biographer, he tells us so. This quality in his story makes his testimony of the many miracles attributed to St. Francis all the more striking and worthy of belief.

For the emotional reader, the light surface skimmer, for the impatient adventurer, this biography was not written and will not be worth the time spent reading it. But for the more thoughtful reader, the solid, penetrating student of life, for him who would explore the science of the saints, this biography is a thesaurus of valuable treasures, with a richness not soon to be forgotten.

WILLIAM G. HOYNG

SIGN OF JONAS. Thomas Merton. Harcourt Brace. 1953.

From the millions who discovered Thomas Merton in *Seven Storey Mountain* to those who loyally plow through his poetry, there will be, undoubtedly, universal acclaim for his latest work, *Sign of Jonas*. In this latest volume from Fr. Louis's pen are found answers to the many questions left unanswered in *Seven Storey Mountain*. Two of the biggest questions were: would Merton remain in the monastery after his period of simple profession ended, and how strong was his desire to enter a more contemplative order, mentioned so briefly in the *Mountain*? Both find answers in this new book.

As far as content is concerned, *Sign of Jonas* might be termed a quasi-spiritual journal. True, it has all the characteristics of a journal as to form, that of a diary, but the word "spiritual" has been chosen for want of a more exact term. Even though the book does give an intimate acquaintance with the author, it leaves the reader with hints and echoes of Fr. Louis's more interior experiences. This fact seems to

cause at times a bit of shallowness, because this justifiable secrecy tends to sacrifice freshness and authenticity.

The book's diary form is a possible cause of some confusion to the reader. In a book of this sort unity is necessarily sacrificed to form, and topics must arrange themselves in a living context. The author has wisely placed a prefatory section before each main division, and these few remarks serve toward unification. But because of the difficulties of the diary form and the fact that the author takes for granted the readers acquaintanceship with monastic terminology, it would not be advisable for one totally new to Merton to attempt *Sign of Jonas*.

The title, *Sign of Jonas*, is a Biblical allusion to Jonas in the whale's belly. As Fr. Merton himself explains it:

Like Jonas the prophet whom God ordered to go to Nineveh, I found myself with the almost incontrollable desire to go in the opposite direction. God pointed one way, and my ideals pointed in the other . . . like Jonas himself I found myself travelling toward my destiny in the belly of paradox.

The basis of his paradox is his belief that a literary career is incompatible with the life of a monastic contemplative. In 1941 Merton fled in disgust from the world to the fulfillment of his spiritual desires in the cloister, to find a meaning in his life that he had not found as a layman. But now he finds himself constrained under obedience to write for the society whose companionship he has renounced with his monastic vows. His journey "toward my destiny in the belly of paradox," is actually his own definition of his vocation, a literary apostolate to promote in the world he left a better understanding of and a desire for the contemplative life.

Bound up with Merton's difficulties touching his literary career is another dis-

rupting element in his life, "the temptation" as he calls it. Though he wished to stop writing, his superiors saw in his artistic talent the design of God, and refused his frequent requests for permission to do so. Their refusal was the cause of his only serious thought of leaving the monastery. His ardent desire for solitude and contemplation bred in Fr. Louis's soul "the temptation" to become a Carthusian hermit. As the reader views the monk's gradual advancement toward spiritual maturity (and this is one of the most enjoyable experiences of the book), he also discovers Merton's solutions to "the temptation" and to his aversion for writing. The former is resolved through faith in his superiors and obedience to them. The solution to the latter is found in Fr. Louis's reconciling himself to obedience, and finding true solitude and interior recollection in the very occupation which, he had thought, was destroying his spiritual life. The attraction which the eremitical life had previously held for him disappeared completely, he tells us. Yet a sensitive reader have doubts as to the authenticity of this statement. Not that the author is intentionally misleading his reader; he himself is quite convinced of this "temptation's" departure from his life. But the fact remains that occasionally he makes some allusion to the "forgotten" desire, which makes the reader wonder if Merton is not trying to convince himself that the affair is forgotten.

To be a good journal, of course, the work must include the author's own speculations and meditations concerning the meaning of his life, and these, indeed, are present in abundance. But the background of these notes is the daily life of the monastery, and in particular the part of that life that is Thomas Merton. We go into the woods with him to read or to pray. We accompany him in the abbey church chanting the Divine Office. In a word, we live with the author

his life as a monk of Gethsemane.

Of especial interest to the reader are the author's trips from the monastery, (one of which had as its purpose the obtaining of American citizenship), his solemn profession, his ordination to minor and major orders, his decision to stop writing poetry because, "I had never really been a good poet anyway." One could list such single events of interest in Fr. Merton's life interminably, and it is their profuseness that keep the book from being too meditative.

Finally, let us glance at Thomas Merton's message to the world. What is it? Why must a man who craves solitude break the silence of his cloister? In the last chapter the author gives more than adequate expression to what he feels he must say.

O Children of men! Don't you know that God refuses to be seen? If you only could see how unlike our glory is His glory, you would die for love of Him. But how can we believe who seek glory one from another? If only we knew that God seeks glory by giving glory.

Thomas Merton's writings are actually a cry against the worldliness of the world, a glorification and explanation of the contemplative life. His writings are a form of apologetics that will not die long after a secularistic America has become a religious America. And *Sign of Jonas* is a worthy addition to an already profuse collection of books, poetry and prose, written by a man who is neither in the world nor for it, and yet enlightens the world by living for God alone.

JOHN K. MILLER

SHAKESPEARE AND CATHOLICISM.

By H. Mutschmann and K. Wentersdorf.
Sheed and Ward. 1952.

(Editor's Note: Because of the Catholic interest of this work, we

have requested our reviewer to write a report more extensive than is usually carried in these pages.)

Many scholarly attempts have been made in the last years to ascertain Shakespeare's religion, both by unearthing hidden direct evidences and by investigating his artistic works. Yet no single argument has succeeded in silencing other dissenting opinions. In fact, the variety of those opinions is such that Shakespeare is claimed a Roman Catholic, an Anglican, a Puritan, an agnostic, and even an atheist. In recent years John Henry de Groot made a detailed study of the same subject, especially of John Shakespeare's "Spiritual Last Will and Testament" whose authenticity, once established, was to confirm the Catholic origin of William Shakespeare. De Groot's study very strongly points toward Shakespeare's having been a Roman Catholic, but it does not make a positive conclusion on that matter.

Shakespeare and Catholicism by Mutschand Wentersdorf is another book along this line which attempts further to lessen the ambiguities about Shakespeare's religion and establish the fact that he was born and died a Roman Catholic. The book is divided into two main sections, one dealing with direct evidences and the other with Shakespeare's works. As a matter of course, for any average reader to judge the authenticity of the direct evidences presented by the authors requires an enormous amount of uninteresting research, unless he is a scholar specializing in that particular field. Therefore, the first section of the book has very little value in itself except as a purely academic interest or a supplement to the evaluation of Shakespeare's plays. It goes without saying that the interpretation of Shakespeare's dramas would be made easier if the precise nature of his religion should be determined by some conclusive, undeniable evidence.

This, however, merely implies that the value of direct evidences must always be weighed in terms of their relation to his art. For this reason it would be enough to learn from the first section of the book this much: Shakespeare was born of Catholic parents, was educated by a Catholic schoolmaster, was married by a Catholic priest, was persecuted by the Puritan magistrate Sir Thomas Lucy (*cf.* *Poaching Incident* and *Merry Wives of Windsor*), which, according to the book, was part of the reason why Shakespeare left Stratford, had Catholic friends among whom was Ben Jonson, practised with them the Catholic faith in London only to such an extent that he would not be included in the proscription, and died a Catholic.

The main objective of the authors in the second section is to point out things *specifically* Roman Catholic in Shakespeare's works and show his attitudes toward both Catholicism and Protestantism by way of comparison, since many of the teachings of the Roman Catholic Church passed over to the Anglican Church with very slight modification or even remained unchanged. An outline of these points would include, among other things:

Holy Eucharist

The following line from *As You Like It*

And his kissing is as full of sanctity as
the touch of holy bread. (III, iv, 13)

is one example of an obvious reference to the doctrine of transubstantiation which is not included in the Articles of the Church of England. The Anglican Church did not, and still does not, believe in the transformation of the bread. The Body of Christ was to be received and eaten "only after an heavenly and spiritual manner" by "Faith." Therefore, according to the Anglican doctrine, the holy bread here is ordinary bread. In that case its meaning is in conflict with the words "full of sanctity." But it becomes comprehensible only if we assume the above

line to be an allusion to transubstantiation. The book also quotes de Groot: "The Catholic quality of the line is the fact that in the Sacrament of the Holy Eucharist, the administering priest carefully places the sacred Species on the tongue of the communicant, whereas in the Protestant Sacrament of Communion, the communicant takes the bread in his hand."

Suicide

Shakespeare is often accused of approving suicide by letting characters in his plays commit suicide. The book defends him by saying that it is only heathens, criminals, or mentally unbalanced persons who take their own lives in Shakespeare's plays. This does not apply to Romeo, Juliet, Othello because those three, all of whom commit suicide, belong to none of the above mentioned classifications. However, Shakespeare does not treat the three with an approbative attitude. The actions of the young couple are felt to be a terrible tragedy by all the other characters (*cf. the* speech of Friar Laurence at Romeo's first attempt to kill himself). In the case of Othello his suicide is an atonement for his crime, the murder of Desdemona. Here the book relies on Raich's words: "All three bear witness to the principle, which Shakespeare never denies in his works, that every passion, however noble, is bound to lead to ruin, if it passes beyond the bounds of reason. All three cut their thread of life as the result of woeful catastrophes which they themselves have brought about." To show Shakespeare's attitude toward suicide the following is quoted from *Cymbeline*:

Against self-slaughter

There is a prohibition so divine

That cravens my weak hand. (III; iv, 79)

The book emphasizes the distinct Catholic element in the burial of Ophelia. According to its explanation, a minister of the Church of England under its ecclesiast-

ical law of 1604 could not refuse church burial to any corpse, unless the deceased had been "denounced excommunicated . . . for some grievous and notorious crime." But as the play goes, her brother Laertes objects to the absence of the usual ceremonies. Furthermore, the word "order" in the reply of the officiating priest is explained in the light of the Roman Catholic *Codex Juris Canonici*, which specifically deals with the burial of persons whose death was doubtful.

The book treats not only Catholic dogmas, ideas, and customs, but also Catholic clergy mentioned in Shakespeare's plays. Among the studies of the friars in the plays the best probably is that which deals with Friar Laurence in *Romeo and Juliet*. It has great importance in viewing the development of Shakespeare's dramatic skill as well as in investigating his religion, for Friar Laurence is one of the three characters, together with Mercutio and the Nurse who are definitely of the dramatist's own creation, with no semblance whatsoever to the original characters in the source from which he took the story. Apart from such consideration, the study discloses the unquestionable evidence of the dramatist's sympathy toward the Catholic clergy at the time when they were object of Protestant detestation and ridicule. It is the universal consensus of Shakespearian scholars that Shakespeare based the story of his immortal lyric-tragedy *Romeo and Juliet* upon Arthur Brooke's poem *The Tragical History of Romeus and Juliet*. A significant point, among others, that can be made by the comparison of Brooke's poem with Shakespeare's play is the vast difference in the character of Brooke's Friar Laurence and Shakespeare's own. As the book explains, Brooke's portrayal of the friar is "malevolent," and tries to present him "in the worst possible light." Friar Laurence is even accused of "abusing the honorable

name of lawful marriage to cloak the shame of stolen contracts." On the other hand, Shakespeare's Friar Laurence is an old, kindly, modest, well-meaning, and compassionate character. He is the one to whom not only Romeo and Juliet but also almost all the rest of the characters in the play must turn for guidance. He is described by the other characters in the play as "reverend," "comfortable," "comfort-giving," and "holy." Such favorable portrayal of a friar during the reign of Queen Elizabeth could not simply come from a Protestant. This is a sure proof that at least in spirit Shakespeare was a Catholic.

Concerning the Protestantism in Shakespeare's works, the book holds that Shakespeare either ridicules or denies many Protestant doctrines. To quote the book, "Almost as striking as Shakespeare's positive, approbatory, attitude towards precisely those dogmatic teachings of the Church rejected by the Protestants is his negative, and even critical attitude towards the distinctive Protestant doctrines." The belief in free will, for instance, is not generally recognized by Protestantism. A clearly opposite attitude is expressed in the speech of Iago in the following passage:

'Tis in ourselves that we are thus,
or thus. Our bodies are our gardens,
to the which our wills are gardeners;
so that we will plant nettles, or sow
lettuce; set hyssop, and weed up
thyme; supply it with one gender of
herbs, or distract it with many; either
to have it sterile with idleness, or
manured with industry; why, the power
and corrigible authority of this lies
in our wills.

"Although this is put in the mouth of the unscrupulous Iago," comments the book, "there can be no doubt . . . in view of the frequency with which the idea recurs in Shakespeare's works . . . that it constitutes

the poet's own opinion." A number of other quotations from the plays show that in many instances Shakespeare had an unfavorable attitude toward such Protestant doctrines as predestination and election, justification by faith alone, and one-sided reliance upon the Holy Scripture.

The book concludes that Shakespeare was a Catholic. But it is not enough to say that he was one because he was born of Catholic parents, because he had Catholic friends, or because he shows Catholicity in his works. There may have been many in Shakespeare's days who were born of Catholic parents, but became Protestants for fear of the persecution. In spite of all the careful study and the enthusiasm with which the book labors for its conclusion, the only thing we can still say about Shakespeare's religion is that he *may* or *may not* have been a Catholic, but most *probably* was. The evidences disclose that Shakespeare did attend a Catholic church and heard Holy Mass whenever an opportunity presented itself. It defends the obscenities in the plays and the lasciviousness in the non-dramatic productions by saying that these things are perfectly kept within the realm of the natural and are in accordance with the tastes of Shakespeare's society. However, his attitude toward his "Dark Mistress" militates against the conclusion that he practised the Catholic faith, that he compromised without, but did not undergo inner change. The book does not touch upon this particular subject and only states that it is a fundamental mistake to base Shakespeare's religion upon his poems.

In the final analysis, *Shakespeare and Catholicism* is highly useful for research work. It also gives deeper insight in the appreciation of Shakespeare's plays. Yet one cannot take this book and say, "Shakespeare was a Catholic and here is the proof."

MICHIO KATO